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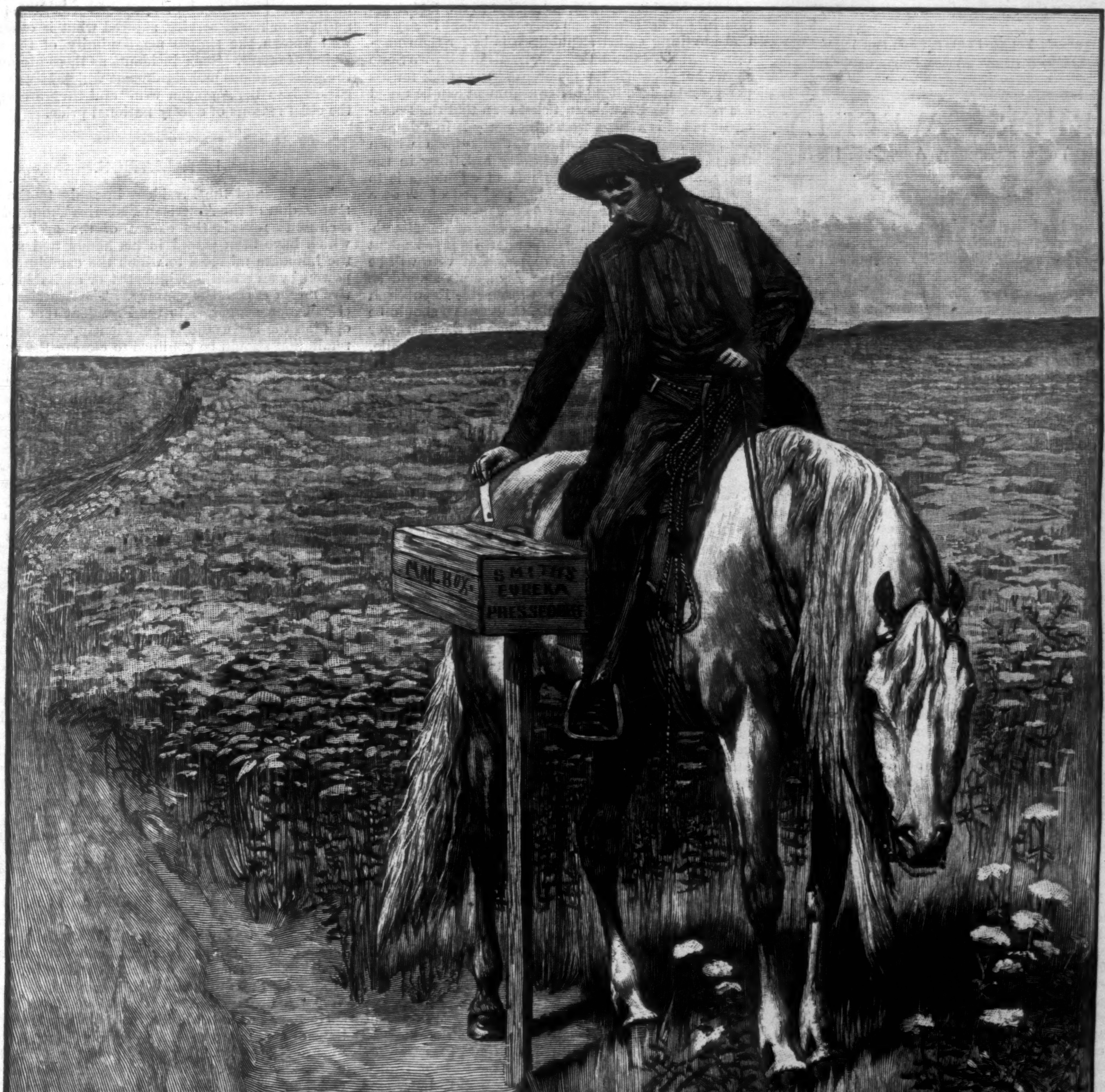

THE PRAIRIE LETTER-BOX.—Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.—[See Page 295.]

"The moral tone of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is unexceptionable."—*Christian Union.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The number for April 19 contains the Second Part of the story "The Victim of an Advertisement," by the Author of "Toby Tyler," etc.; the fifteenth instalment of "The Colonel's Money," by LUCY C. LILLIE, *and a fairy tale by* HOWARD PYLE, *entitled "Which is Best?" with illustrations by the Author.*

"Climbing Birds," by SARAH COOPER, *treats of parrots, toucans, woodpeckers, etc. "The Art of Juggling," by* ARTHUR PENN, *is of a practical character. Any young aspirant may learn the rudiments of the art by closely following the directions given in this article.*

In the next number will be given the first of three articles on

DRIVING,

BY COLONEL THEODORE A. DODGE, U. S. ARMY.

Those who remember COLONEL DODGE'S *delightful series of articles entitled "In the Saddle," published in* HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE *last year, will welcome these papers on Driving from the same pen.*

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1887.

PROSPECTS.

THE result of the late elections in Rhode Island, Chicago, Cincinnati, and elsewhere shows that there are new and incalculable elements to be considered in the political situation and in the prospects of next year. We mentioned last week some of the more obvious consequences that might be fairly expected. The election of 1884, when the President was chosen by a small plurality in New York, disclosed the fact that the vote is very equally divided, and that neither party can expect certainly to succeed. The tone that was common to Republican orators after the last election, that the success of Mr. CLEVELAND was an unexpected accident, which would not be allowed to occur again, has disappeared upon a clearer comprehension of the situation. The change in Rhode Island, also, is exceedingly suggestive, for it is not a party victory. As the newly elected Democratic Governor in that State truly says in allusion to his election, "to-day's determinations are not judgments upon the ordinary lines of political partisanship." The assertion of Mr. CABOT LODGE, and of the mere partisan organs and orators, that the question in Rhode Island was a simple issue between the parties and between protection and free-trade, has recoiled in the most fatal manner. According to these authorities one of the late strongest and surest of Republican States has now declared for free-trade and against the Republican party—which would be a most damaging admission if it were true as these gentlemen tried to make it. Their positive and unqualified assertion, however, gives greater significance to the result, because it shows that the Rhode Island Republicans considered the rebuke and overthrow of the party machine to be a more important consideration than an apparent victory for free-trade, and that fact is the conclusive proof of the intolerable character of the machine which they were willing to overthrow at such cost.

Beyond this local significance the revelation of Republican independence is a fact of national importance, because it proves to the Republican managers that the spirit which defeated the party in 1884 is now immeasurably stronger and more widely diffused. The key to the present result in Rhode Island and that of 1884 in the country is the same. Rhode Island Republicans have preferred to vote against what they hold to be dangerous and dishonest political courses, rather than to support their party nominations upon abstract grounds of preference for Republican rather than Democratic traditions. National Republicans did the same thing in 1884. The argument against such action was the same in both cases. It was urged that the conduct and character of individuals and party methods and obvious tendencies should be overlooked in view of the immense perils that would attend party defeat. To this was added every form of vituperation and falsehood and ridicule and calumny. But all this was in vain in the country in 1884, as it has been in Rhode Island in 1887. Despite the party machines which it is the object of party organs and orators to keep in working order at any cost of principle or honor or decency, Republicanism breeds an independence and intelligence which is happily strong enough upon occasion to "smash the machine" and give the party another chance. Rhode Island Republicans have discovered that the Judas Iscariots and Benedict Arnolds of a party are those who defile its principles, its honesty, and its character. Who have been the real enemies of the Republican party in Rhode Island—the ring and the papers and orators who insisted that a vote against it was a vote for free-trade, or those who refused to accept a corrupt ring as the party and voted against it?

As the witty divine said upon the humiliating public mortification of a vain and pretentious brother clergyman, "Brother JONES, may it be sanctified to you!" so the Independent Republicans may now say to the bosses. If those bosses have not learned by the experience of 1884, and of all that has since occurred, ending for the present in the astonishing events in Rhode Island, that the cry of "free-trade" and "rebel brigadier" is not enough to drive intelligent, patriotic, and honorable Republicans to support every kind of nomination and method and measure put forth in the Republican name, the present decadence of the party will end in final decay. During the brief campaign in Rhode Island Senator ALDRICH said that every paper which professed to be Independent supported the Democratic party. But the Senator certainly sees that if Republican courses at any time become intolerable, to oppose them is of necessity indirectly to help the Democrats, and consequently that his assertion as applied to the late situation in Rhode Island was only equivalent to saying that anything called Republican is better than anything called Democratic. The result in his own State shows happily that the Senator did not speak for his party, and indeed if no better argument can be urged for voting the Republican ticket than that the Democratic ticket is always worse, the party is in a desperate strait. The argument, also, that reform within the party means support of every bad thing in the party, and that the way to reform evil-doers is to sustain them in evil-doing, has perished of its own ineffable folly. The Watertown *Times* is correct in saying substantially that the success of the Republican party next year depends upon its independent vote. A nomination which repels that vote will be fatal to the party, unless the Democrats should be equally foolish. There is not a sensible Republican who does not know that if Mr. CLEVELAND should be a candidate, and if no serious change in the character of the administration should occur in the mean while, it would be useless to oppose him with any objectionable Republican candidate, except upon the chance of the labor diversion. It is not easy to say how far the disintegration of parties has proceeded, but common-sense dictates the kind of candidate who should be selected by any party in the contest of next year.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

IN speaking of Senator SHERMAN'S Nashville speech we quoted some of the passages in which he did justice to the sincerity of the views held by the Confederates, and to the courage with which they maintained them in the field. There was no fling of rebel or traitor or slave-driver. The war, he said, was perhaps sure to come. It was a terrible necessity. Then he exclaimed, "It is over, thank God! but the courage, bravery, and fortitude of both sides are now the pride and heritage of us all." This was manly, generous, and statesman-like. It did not imply the surrender of any great result gained by the conflict, any failure of regard for the freedmen, any acquiescence in the constitutional theories maintained by the Confederates. But it was in the spirit of Mr. SUMNER'S bill to regulate the army register and the regimental colors, of which the preamble was as follows, "Whereas the national unity and good-will among fellow-citizens can be assured only through oblivion of past differences, and it is contrary to the usage of civilized nations to perpetuate the memory of civil war, be it enacted," etc. That was in 1872. The bill prohibited the continued printing in the Register of "the names of battles with fellow-citizens," or placing them upon the regimental colors of the United States.

The late letter of President CLEVELAND acknowledging the invitation to attend the unveiling of the statue of General ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON was in the same tone as the remarks of Senator SHERMAN and the preamble of Senator SUMNER. The President of the United States was asked to honor the memory of a citizen whose chief distinction was his endeavor in arms to overthrow the government of the United States. It was a magnanimous appeal to the victor to recognize, not the righteousness of the cause, but the sincerity and courage of the vanquished, and it came from those who shared the defeat, but who have acquiesced honorably and entirely in the final decree of battle. The President's reception of the appeal was honorable and becoming, and unquestionably his conduct is approved by the country. "The courage, bravery, and fortitude of both sides," says Senator SHERMAN, "are now the pride and heritage of us all." "The patriotic sentiments accompanying the invitation which I have received, and the fraternal feeling therein expressed, I gladly recognize as proofs that in the present conditions every American citizen may share in the pride inspired by the illustration of the traits which have ennobled American character," says President CLEVELAND. This was the proper response, dignified, just, patriotic, not honoring the cause in which the soldier fought, but the honesty and the bravery with which he gave his life for his convictions. It is the same noble feeling which led a Southern soldier to say at the dedication of a statue to the "Union Volunteer," when the orator said that the time would come when the soldier in gray would agree that the boy in blue fought and died for the South as well as the North, "Don't say 'will come,' for it has come."

The disappearance of mere rancorous memories of the war, not grateful acknowledgment of its earnest purpose and its glorious result, but reiteration of its details and horrors and enmities, is one of the most significant and gratifying facts of the time. The anniversary of LEE'S surrender passed a few days since without remark and without general remembrance. The hero of the Union army, General GRANT himself, led in this humane and honorable conduct toward his opponents in the field. His generous terms at Appomattox were never forgotten, and they struck the key-note of the feeling of the actual soldiers of the war on both sides. His latest words in the dedication of his Memoirs, "These volumes are dedicated to the American soldier and sailor," not to any class of them, but to every sincere and courageous American in the military or naval service, showed what is otherwise well known, the simple magnanimity of the great Union General. Such incidents as these are among the most precious and significant which History will gather into her "golden urn," and they are among the chief reasons of a lofty national pride.

RETALIATION.

THE letter of the President in reply to the communication of the American Fisheries Union of Massachusetts reveals the extent of the great powers which have been placed in his hands, and suggests the immense mischief to which the exercise of such powers by an ambitious, ignorant, or excitable Executive might expose the country. The American Fisheries Union suggested to the President that in their opinion the act would be sufficiently executed if the retaliation should be confined to closing the ports of the United States to Canadian fish. But retaliation is a very ample power. It includes peremptory suspension of commercial intercourse under the prescribed conditions. But it contemplates, as the President truly says, not any specific interest, but the national honor and the protection of all the people. The violation of a commercial treaty involves not only the citizens who may be engaged in the pursuits which it affects, but the whole country. A treaty is an international act. Its violation is equally so. If the rights of our fishermen are disregarded in Canadian waters, it is not the affair of the fishermen only. The rights of fishermen are rights of citizens of the United States. When American seamen were impressed by Great Britain on American commercial ships, it was not a handful of sailors, it was the American people, who were assailed. The deck of the vessel was the territory of the country, and the flag was not the flag of that ship's crew, but of the ship of state itself.

The President remarks that if the extreme measure intrusted to his discretion should be invoked, its effectiveness must depend upon the thoroughness and vigor of its enforcement. The injury to the fishermen is but the occasion of an insult to the country, and in the discharge of his duty the President says that while bound to inflict no unnecessary injury upon any part of the people, his primary care must be the national dignity and self-respect, and in maintaining these no sacrifice of personal or private interests shall be considered. It is plain that the President comprehends the power of retaliation, and it is fortunate for the country that he will undoubtedly exercise it wisely. But it may be doubted whether the legislation which authorized it was the best legislation. Bumptious statesmanship is juvenile statesmanship. It is as unwise in the conduct of national affairs as the same quality in private differences. When a dispute arises between two states, it often springs, as in this instance, from different interpretations of a common agreement. That is to say, it is a misunderstanding. Now if a pretext be desired for a quarrel, here it is. But if the object be a mutual understanding, a conciliatory course, which may be as firm as the hills, is obviously the true course.

Retaliation, as Mr. JAY truly remarks in his admirable pamphlet upon the fisheries dispute, would naturally dispose an adversary to fight rather than argue. But we have no wish to fight England. Certain politicians may think it good politics to brandish the national fist in the face of John Bull in order to propitiate the Irish voters. But that is not public sentiment. The people of this country have no disposition to go to war with Great Britain about the fisheries. It would have been very much wiser, therefore, to invite a friendly negotiation upon the subject, with a view to the abrogation of the convention of 1818. The other course was taken, however, and now, if the President should retaliate upon Canada severely, there would be a great increase of hot blood and much greater difficulty in a reasonable settlement. Retaliation would be of no use unless there should be a complete "backing down" on the other side. But national "backing down" is always much more difficult when passions have been inflamed. Fortunately the President can be trusted to manage a very difficult situation with signal discretion.

GOVERNOR HILL'S HIGH LICENSE VETO.

Governor Hill's veto of the high license bill was carefully drawn, and showed plainly his consciousness that he was opposing a great and most intelligent public sentiment. The force and point of the veto lay in the constitutional objection, upon which point the Governor had fortified himself with the opinion of the Attorney-General and of Judge Comstock. But, on the other hand, many eminent lawyers have earnestly supported the passage of the bill, and unquestionably, if the Governor had not desired to veto it, he could have found in such support ample reason for signing it. The argument that it is unequal legislation is plausible, but it is not satisfactory. The key of the bill was expediency. It was designed to diminish the evils of intemperance. An absolute equality of license is manifestly unfair, because a sum which can be paid in large communities cannot be paid in small. The Governor seems to be willing to leave the adjustment to the localities. But if the adjustment be in itself good, it was provided in the bill, and it might not be provided by the locality.

The Governor bewails the evils of drunkenness. But he not only vetoed this bill, he vetoed on the same day a bill prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquor in the Capitol. It would be interesting to see the high license bill which he would sign. Although his partisans in the Legislature proposed to make the law general, we do not remember that they agreed to vote for it if it were made general. So far as the bill was supported in order "to put the Governor in a hole," it was a mere trick in which sensible citizens are not interested. But that was not the real purpose. It was an honest effort to reduce the number of saloons, and to restrict the evils that flow from them. It was necessarily tentative. But it was an honest effort worth making, and the sentiment of the community is such that the endeavor will be certainly renewed, for the increasing and alarming consequences of the dominance of the saloon are too familiar not to be earnestly resisted.

THE COLUMBIA CENTENNIAL.

The centennial celebration of Columbia College was a very significant and imposing occasion, and the assembly of distinguished persons gathered upon the stage of the Metropolitan Opera-house around the venerable President in his scarlet robe was an impressive and interesting spectacle. Mr. Coudert, in his address, by common consent, was equal to the occasion, which is the highest praise for an oration on such a day. Justly supposing that the historic details which such an anniversary recalls would be amply treated elsewhere, his historic survey was brief, but exceedingly spirited and humorous, suggesting that the revered fathers of the college were human, after all, and that the truth smilingly told would not detract from their service or from the respect of posterity.

But it was the earnest and serious tone of the body of the discourse, its subordination of learning and knowledge to character, its eloquent enforcement of the cardinal truth that behind all education there must be a man to make it really effective, and the grave discussion of the fundamental changes that changing faith and the progress of thought and events produce, which commanded the profound and sympathetic attention of the vast audience, which received the oration with prolonged acclamation. The orator's plea for the necessary leadership of educated men if government is to be wise, and the plain declaration that democracy does not mean the rule of ignorance and passion, were admirable and timely, and the crisp and pointed satire of the athletic departures from the true college curriculum was exceedingly effective. The choice of the orator was very happy, and Columbia may well be proud of her son.

The poem upon such an occasion is always a difficult task, and when the Muse is invoked for a survey of the progress of learning, the difficulty is not wholly relieved. Rev. Dr. George Lansing Taylor had evidently put his whole heart into his performance, and delivered his verses with an energy and vivacity that brought their significance into full relief. The music of the day was charmingly rendered, and nothing in the proceedings was more felicitous than General Woodford's graceful greeting, and his adroit and witty and effective appeal to the courtesy of the under-graduates, who, with good-humored hilarity, emulated the audible activities of English university undergraduates on academic occasions, but without their untimely comments. It was a happy event worthily commemorated, and with redoubled pride and gratification every alumnus may join in the triumphant C-o-l-u-m-b-i-a.

PRESIDENTIAL SPECULATIONS.

Presidential speculations for the next year are rife, and while all anticipations of the actual result are vain, the actual situation is evident. Mr. Blaine is unquestionably the most popular Republican leader, but his nomination becomes every day more uncertain. There is no doubt that many of his earnest supporters in 1884 now feel that his nomination would involve great risks which ought not to be taken. There is no reason to suppose that he would be more acceptable in 1888 to the Republicans who opposed him in 1884, while many of his supporters then would vote for Mr. Cleveland now. As one of his warmest friends recently said, "He will never again be so strong a candidate as he was in 1884," although he has a larger personal following than any Republican leader.

It is impossible to perceive any serious competitor of Mr. Cleveland for the Democratic nomination. He is undoubtedly exceedingly distasteful to a large number of Democratic politicians, who would be at least indifferent to his election. But he is very strong with voters who see in him an upright and courageous Executive aiming to do his duty honestly. He has gained greatly in popularity and in the national confidence since his inauguration, and he is incomparably the strongest candidate for his party.

Mr. Sherman, probably, will be one of the chief contestants for the Republican nomination. We have already pointed out the qualities which distinguish him. But the platform upon which he stands—high taxation and a liberal distribution of public money—is not one that appeals strongly to public favor. The friends of Mr. Sherman and of Mr. Blaine are not hostile, but if a warm and close contest for the nomination between them should arise in the Convention, it is not impossible that a third candidate might be sought upon whom all would unite. There is no doubt that some of the friends of Mr. Blaine are considering the possibilities of the situation with a view to the nomination of another candidate, to be so arranged as to cast no slur upon their leader. The disappointed Republicans, who said after the election of 1884 that they lived only to secure the renomination of Mr. Blaine in 1888, are now less eager, and are considering more coolly the actual situation.

IN HYDE PARK.

It is estimated that there were 150,000 people assembled at the great popular meeting in London on Easter Monday to protest against the Irish coercion bill. The multitude moved to Hyde Park in procession from various parts of the city, and there were fourteen platforms from which addresses were delivered. The Socialists succeeded in erecting several platforms also, from which there were addresses, and at half past four o'clock in the afternoon a bugle sounded, and at all the platforms a resolution condemning the bill was simultaneously passed by a roar of voices. There was no disturbance, and the vast crowds dispersed peaceably.

The most notable speech was that of Mr. Sullivan, Lord Mayor of Dublin. "Don't believe," he said, "those who say that the Irish are mortal, implacable enemies of England. That is a falsehood worthy of the bottomless pit. Let there be an end of oppression and injustice, and there will be an end of hatred." These words were greeted with most enthusiastic and prolonged cheers. Michael Davitt, speaking on a Socialist platform, said that the classes had built a bridge of hate across the Irish Sea, but the masses in both countries would tear it down, and build a bridge of love between the toilers of Ireland and the honest workers of England. The *Daily News* holds that the demonstration proves the sympathy of the great bulk of the working population of England to be with Ireland.

The significance of such a meeting is undeniable. The *Telegraph* says that justice must be done to the earnestness of the multitude that took part in it, but that a closer view would show the crowds themselves that they were mistaken, and that the government is not tyrannical. The striking fact is that the meeting shows a sympathy between the poorer people of the two countries which hitherto has not been supposed to exist. The Irish question, however, seems almost to have reached the stage where it passes beyond argument, and its progress and course are now of the highest interest and importance.

A SUGGESTIVE ELECTION.

The effect of the Irish question upon American politics was curiously illustrated at the late election in Trenton, New Jersey. The city is called "solidly Democratic," and the Democrats had nominated a very popular candidate for Mayor. But the Democratic Governor of the State had declined to preside at a meeting to protest against coercion in Ireland, and the Democratic Irish "Americans" in Trenton resolved therefore to defeat their party candidate for the Mayoralty, which they did effectively, and "all the appointive Democratic office-holders will be turned out to make room for Republicans." Thus the opinion of the Governor of New Jersey upon his official duty in connection with a question of British legislation determines the election of the Mayor of Trenton.

This is a sharp spur for loud political professions of hostility to British tyranny, not because of any especial knowledge of the subject or interest in it, but because it will win votes. Whatever the merits of the Irish question may be, and we certainly have no sympathy with the Tory policy, it is not a question which can legitimately affect a municipal election in New Jersey. But, legitimately or not, it does affect it, and the conclusion is unavoidable that the Irish question will play a prominent part in our national elections next year. It may be assumed safely that the platforms will contain the most emphatic declarations upon that subject.

It is becoming very desirable that the relations of England and Ireland should be adjusted satisfactorily, in order that our politics may be released from extraneous influences and considerations. Parties in this country should divide naturally upon American policies and measures, and our elections should show what we wish our government, and not the British or French or German governments, to do. The incident in Trenton is very suggestive, and it will be doubtless regarded reflectively by British statesmen.

A QUESTION OF EXPEDIENCY.

Since foreigners who can neither speak nor understand the language of this country, who have no knowledge of its institutions and no sympathy with their spirit or purpose, who come here not for the common benefit, but solely to inflame the public mind, and to promote disorder and crime, are permitted to become citizens and to vote, it may be time to consider whether the principle of restricted immigration which has been applied in its extreme form to the Chinese may not be applied wisely to other nations.

All such questions concern the national right of self-protection. They are questions of expediency, and their decision must depend upon circumstances and the actual situation. Our laws already exclude paupers and criminals, as well as the Chinese and contract laborers, and they require a certain residence before admitting foreigners to citizenship. Meanwhile a vast territory, diversified industries, spare population in large parts of the country, and the necessity of labor to develop the advantages of the country have all invited immigration, and it has been of incalculable advantage.

But it would not have been an advantage if it had been the transfer of hordes of Mongols and Tartars to this continent. Had they arrived by hundreds of thousands and millions, accumulating in an accelerated ratio, this country would have ceased at least to be the home of the free. Popular republican institutions have been successful here because they were the natural expressions of the political traditions and the circumstances under which they were developed. But our institutions would not secure to Patagonians what they secure to us. So those institutions, largely controlled by those whose political convictions, intelligence, traditions, and capacity they do not express, would not produce the benefit to mankind which in the hands of a people mainly of Anglo-Saxon origin they have produced. A man like Most is an ignorant barbarian, who has no more conception of liberty and civilized society than an orang-outang. He is harmless, and so long as he does not violate the law his talk is unimportant. But it is merely a question of expediency, in the interest of liberty and of the country, whether any and what restrictions should be placed upon the coming and residence of men among us whose purposes are wholly and confessedly criminal and mischievous.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Walt Whitman said recently that he had never received any "nourishment" from any American poetry, nor from any contemporaneous foreign poetry. The only poetry that had nourished him was Sir Walter Scott's Border minstrelsy, particularly Sir Walter's memoranda of interviews with old Scotsmen and Scotswomen respecting the folk-lore of their earlier days. The folk-lore of witchcraft was especially interesting to him. But he found the Bible to be his best book of poetry, and he never travelled without a copy of it, nor passed a day at home without reading it. His views as to personal immortality became clearer as he grew older, and in no sense of the term did he regard himself as an agnostic. While Mr. Whitman was speaking, two bright boys were clambering up his knees and embracing his snowy head. They called him "Uncle Walt," and he kissed them passionately. They are his favorite playmates when he is visiting this city. Though the venerable poet's mind is in an entirely normal condition, he is unable to walk across the room without assistance. Several painters are painting his portrait, and he declares himself as very rarely suited; in fact, as harder to please in this matter than he was twenty-five years ago.

—M. Durand-Ruel, the Paris art dealer who twenty years ago sold to Mr. Henry Probasco, of Cincinnati, some of the gems of his collection of paintings, says that Millet received only $200 for his famous picture of "Men carrying a Calf," and that Troyon was delighted to get $600 for the fine "Landscape and Cattle" in the Probasco collection. M. Durand-Ruel estimates the present value of each of these works at $20,000, and predicts that Monet, the French impressionist, will by-and-by sell as high as Millet does now.

—As showing the difference of opinion respecting the comparative merits of oil-paintings, it is interesting to note that a great landscape-painter like Mr. George Inness prefers Rosa Bonheur's small canvas—a cow in a pasture—in the Probasco collection to Rousseau's lake view in the same collection, declaring that it is better painted and more elevating in sentiment. But Mr. Inness has most sympathy with such a picture as George Fuller's "Nydia, the Blind Girl of Pompeii," not that the technique is perfect either in methods or in results, but that the sentiment is noble. The art critics, as a class, prefer any Rousseau to a Rosa Bonheur.

—An American lad about to celebrate his eleventh birthday was asking his parents what present he was to receive on that occasion. His mother suggested that he make a list of the things he most desired. This is the list: "What I would like for my birthday. 1. Pair roller skates. 2. One reading book; large print. 3. Some ice-cream. 4. Cake. 5. One nice pen-holder and pen. 6. One big rubber, about fifteen cents. 7. One velocipede, wooden. 8. One bicycle, wooden. 9. Two or three bottles of colored inks. 10. A little bookcase. 11. A big 24-inch ruler. 12. A nice pencil. 13. Some history book. 14. A canary-bird and cage."

—Mr. Henry Marquand will take a pleasure trip to Labrador in his fine schooner-yacht *Ruth* next June, accompanied by a party of friends, among them Mr. R. Swain Gifford, who expects to return to his summer studio at New Bedford before the season is over. The rest of the party will probably be absent until September. Mr. Marquand is the literary editor of the New York *Commercial Advertiser*, and a son of Mr. H. G. Marquand.

—One of the best-known elocutionists prefers to recite his pieces in a slightly darkened auditorium, like that of the Madison Square Theatre, where neither the attention nor the inattention of individual listeners can interfere with his work. He does better with a mixed audience of men and women than with an audience of women exclusively, because men applaud more loudly than women, especially when women are pleased, and communicate their pleasure to their escorts. But Mr. Sidney Woollett, when reciting the "Passing of Arthur," was once annoyed at hearing a young man observe to his feminine companion that "it took Arthur a long while to die."

—Mr. Pierre Lorillard is continuing his improvements at Tuxedo Park, which last year he created out of a piece of wilderness. Thirty miles of driveway are now finished, and the season will open next month with a May-pole dance. Possibly a coach line from New York to Tuxedo Park will be organized. It now looks as if Mr. Lorillard will have spent more than one million of dollars on his successful venture before he is done with it.

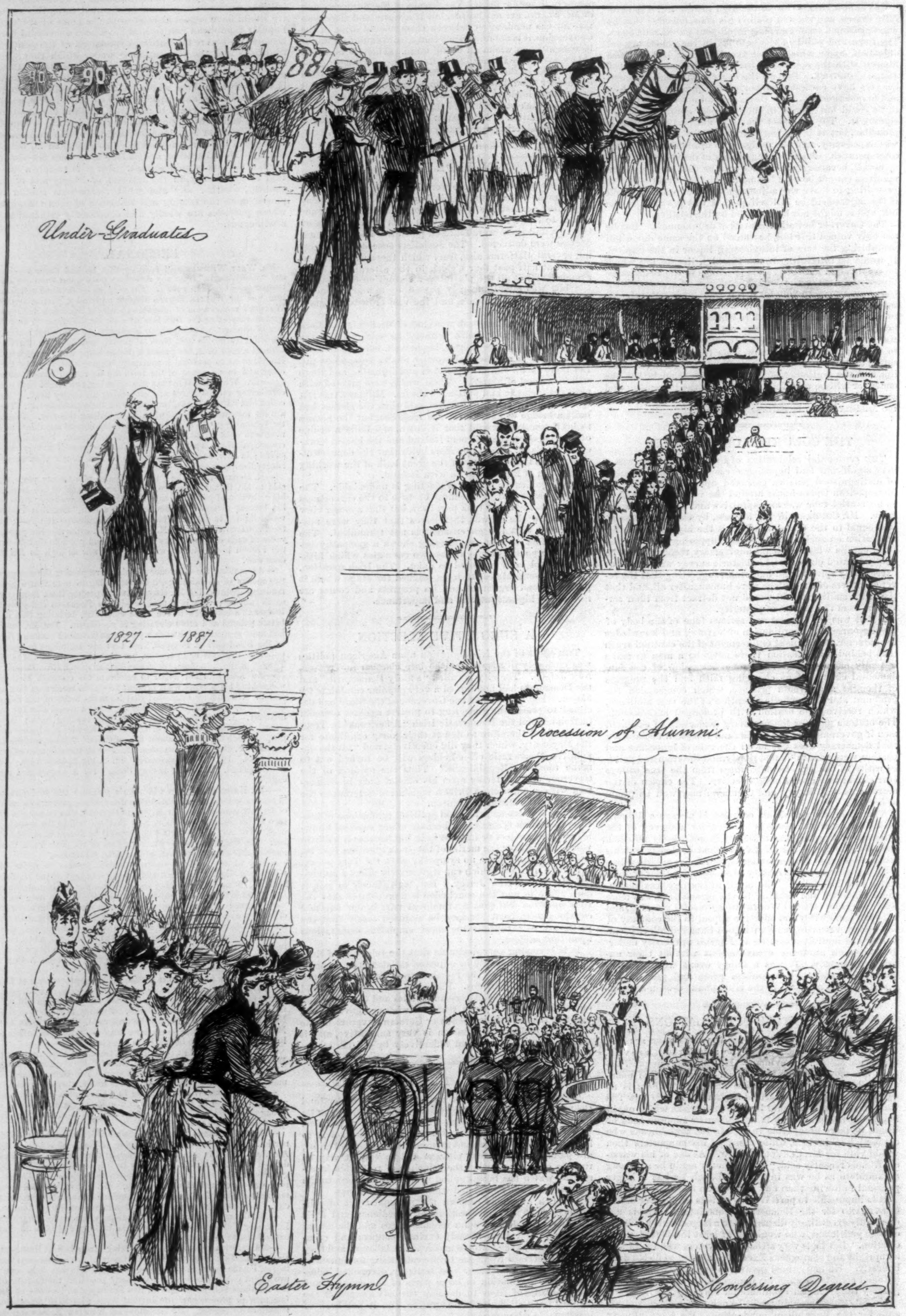
—During his last visit to Cincinnati, General Grant went out to Batavia, Ohio, to visit his "Uncle Sammy," Mr. Samuel Simpson, who has just died in his ninety-first year. The General liked his uncle because of his fondness for horses and for breaking colts.

—General Lew Wallace, while in Philadelphia recently, was given a reception by the Penn Club, a unique organization with a strong membership, whose sole official business is to entertain distinguished visitors to Philadelphia.

—Mr. James Russell Lowell made a brilliant speech at the dinner in New York in honor of the laying of the corner-stone of the American School in Athens. He thought that American scholars desired to annex Athens spiritually to this country, and that the generosity with which they had contributed money for the purpose was an earnest of their success. Mr. Lowell has been the recipient of most flattering social attentions during his visit to this city. He looks even younger than when he returned from London.

—Mr. William Bucknell, of Philadelphia, has given $50,000 to Lewisburg University, in Pennsylvania, making $142,000 he has contributed to this Baptist institution.

—A Californian who has had a striking career is S. C. Hastings, an ex-Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of Iowa, who went out to the Pacific coast in the spring of 1849. He has held many prominent public positions, but is chiefly known as the founder of the Hastings College of Law in San Francisco, and as one of the few men in professional life in that State who have made contributions to science. He accompanied William H. Seward on his trip to Alaska after the purchase of the Territory, and was in New York, waiting to go to Norway and Sweden with Mr. Seward, when the news came of that statesman's death.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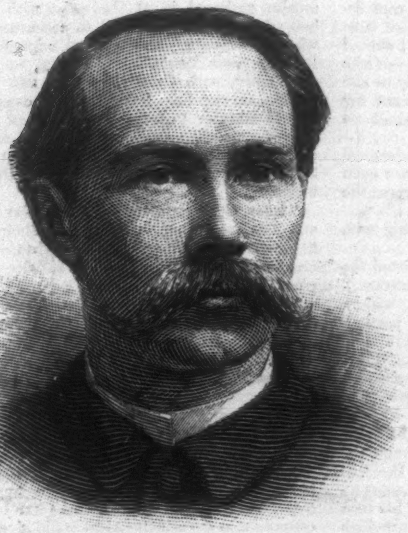
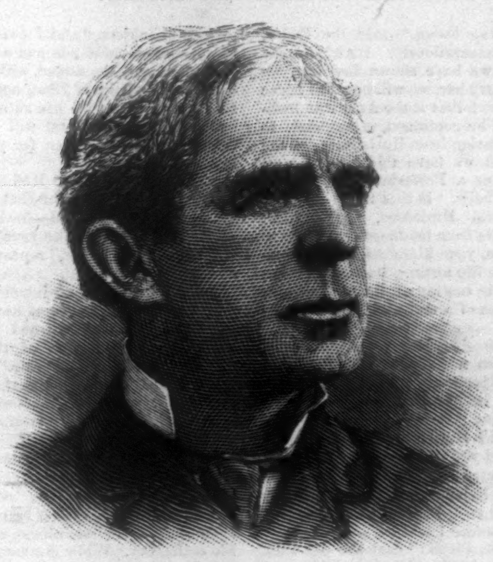
Under-Graduates
1827 — 1887
Procession of Alumni
Easter Hymn
Conferring Degrees

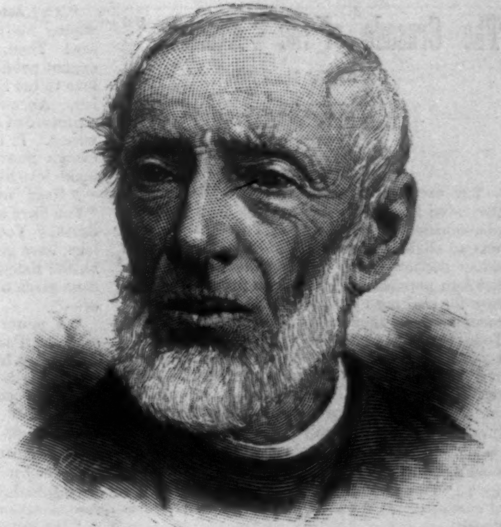
THE CELEBRATION OF THE COLUMBIA COLLEGE CENTENNIAL.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.—[See Page 295.]



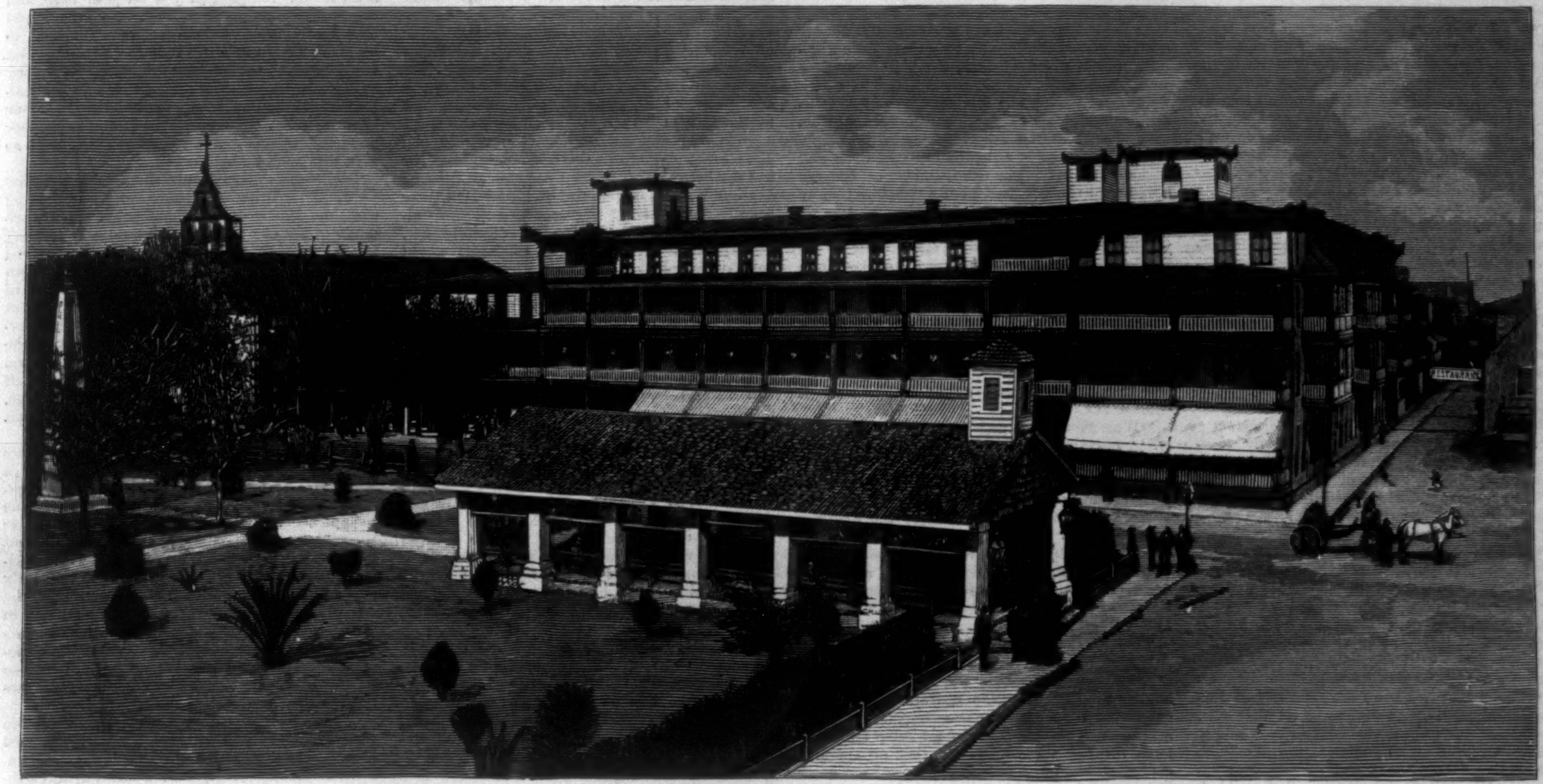
REV. GEORGE A. GATES, PRESIDENT-ELECT OF IOWA COLLEGE.—From a Photograph by Fredericks.—[See Page 294.]



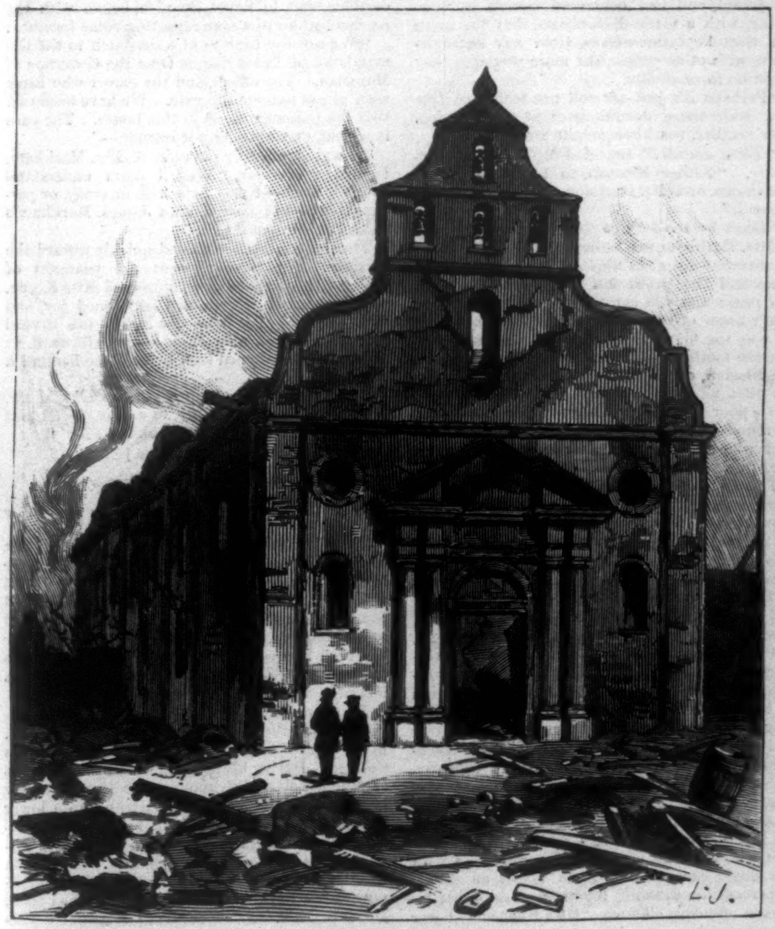
THE LATE JOHN T. RAYMOND.
[See Page 295.]



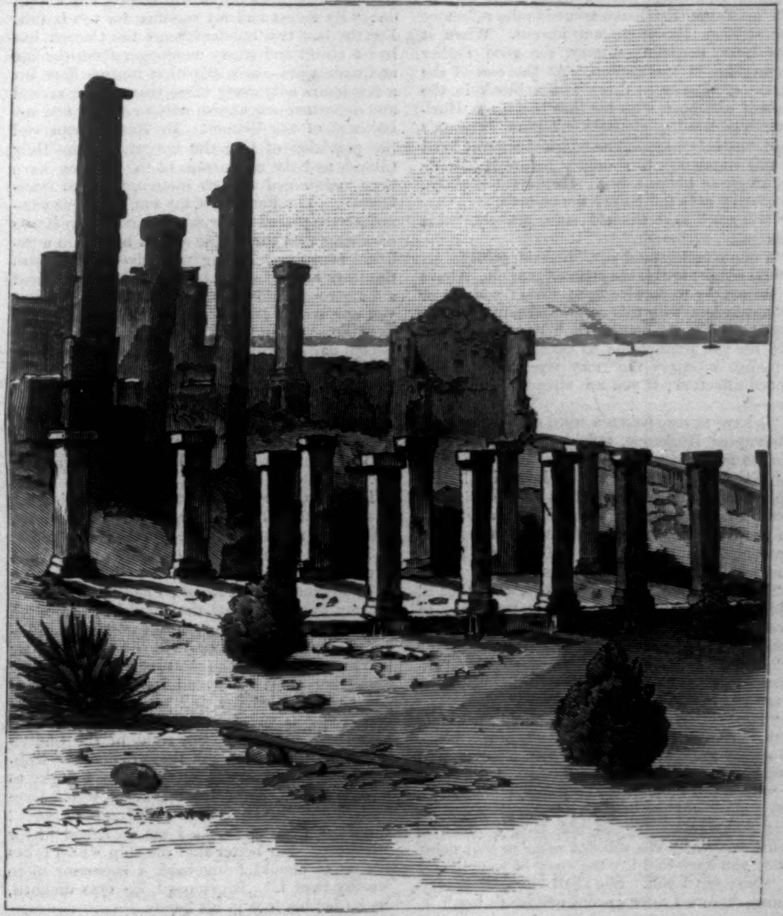
THE LATE RIGHT REV. DR. LEE, BISHOP OF DELAWARE
From a Photograph by Garrett, Wilmington.—[See Page 302.]



THE ST. AUGUSTINE HOTEL, CATHEDRAL, AND OLD SLAVE MARKET BEFORE THE FIRE.—From a Photograph by George Barker, Niagara Falls.



THE RUINS OF THE CATHEDRAL.—From a Sketch by R. German.



THE RUINS OF THE OLD SLAVE MARKET.—From a Sketch by R. German.

THE GREAT FIRE AT ST. AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA.—[See Page 295.]

The Crusade of the "Excelsior."[*]

By BRET HARTE.

PART II.

CHAPTER V.

The earthquake shock, although the first experienced by the Americans, had been a yearly phenomenon to the people of Todos Santos, and was so slight as to leave little impression upon either the low adobe walls of the pueblo or the indolent population. "If it's a provision of nature for shaking up these Rip Van Winkle Latin races now and then, it's a dead failure as far as Todos Santos is concerned," Crosby had said, with a yawn. "Brace, who's got geology on the brain ever since he struck cinnabar ore, says he isn't sure the Injins ain't right when they believe that the Pacific Ocean used to roll straight up to the Presidio, and there wasn't any channel, and that reef of rocks was upheaved in their time. But what's the use of it?—it never really waked them up." "Perhaps they're waiting for another kind of earthquake," Winslow had responded, sententiously.

In six weeks it had been forgotten except by three people—Miss Keene, James Hurlstone, and Padre Esteban. Since Hurlstone had parted with Miss Keene on that memorable afternoon, he had apparently lapsed into his former reserve. Without seeming to avoid her timid advances, he met her seldom, and then only in the presence of the Padre or Mrs. Markham. Although uneasy at the deprivation of his society, his present shyness did not affect her as it had done at first; she knew it was no longer indifference; she even fancied she understood it from what had been her own feelings. If he no longer raised his eyes to hers as frankly as he had that day, she felt a more delicate pleasure in the consciousness of his lowered eyelids when they met, and the instinct that told her when his melancholy glance followed her unobserved. The sex of these lovers—if we may call them so who had never exchanged a word of love—seemed to be changed. It was Miss Keene who now sought him with a respectful and frank admiration; it was Hurlstone who now tried to avoid it with a feminine dread of reciprocal display. Once she had even adverted to the episode of the cross. They were standing under the arch of the refectory door, waiting for Padre Estéban, and looking toward the sea.

"Do you think we were ever in any real danger down there on the shore that day?" she said, timidly.

"No; not from the sea," he replied, looking at her with a half-defiant resolution.

"From what, then?" she asked, with a naïveté that was yet a little conscious.

"Do you remember the children giving you their offerings that day?" he asked, abruptly.

"I do," she replied, with smiling eyes.

"Well, it appears that it is the custom for the betrothed couples to come to the cross to exchange their vows. They mistook us for lovers."

All the instinctive delicacy of Miss Keene's womanhood resented the rude infelicity of this speech, and the flippant manner of its utterance. She did not blush, but lifted her clear eyes calmly to his. "It was an unfortunate mistake," she said, coldly; "the more so as they were your pupils. Ah! here is Father Esteban," she added, with a marked tone of relief, as she crossed over to the priest's side.

When Father Esteban returned to the refectory that evening, Hurlstone was absent. When it grew later, becoming uneasy, the good Father sought him in the garden. At the end of the avenue of pear-trees there was a break in the sea-wall, and here, with his face to the sea, Hurlstone was leaning gloomily. Father Esteban's tread was noiseless, and he had laid his soft hand on the young man's shoulder before Hurlstone was aware of his presence. He started slightly; his gloomy eyes fell before the priest's.

"My son," said the old man, gravely, "this must go on no longer."

"I don't understand you," he said, coldly.

"Do not try to deceive yourself, nor me. Above all, do not try to deceive *her*. Either you are or are not in love with this countrywoman of yours. If you are not, my respect for her and my friendship for you prompt me to save you both from a foolish intimacy that may ripen into a misplaced affection; if you are already in love with her—"

"I have never spoken a word of love to her!" interrupted Hurlstone, quickly. "I have even tried to avoid her since—"

"Since you found that you loved her! Ah, foolish boy! and you think that because the lips speak not, the passions of the heart are stilled! Do you think your silence in her presence is not a protestation that she, even child as she is, can read with the cunning of her sex?"

"Well, if I am in love with her, what then?" said Hurlstone, doggedly. "It is no crime to love a pure and simple girl. Am I not free? You yourself, in yonder church, told me—"

"Silence, Diego," said the priest, sternly. "Silence, before you utter the thought that shall disgrace you to speak and me to hear!"

"Forgive me, Father Esteban," said the young man, hurriedly, grasping both hands of the priest. 'Forgive me—I am mad—distracted—but I swear to you I only meant—"

"Hush!" interrupted the priest, more gently. "So; that will do." He stopped, drew out his snuff-box, rapped the lid, and took a pinch of snuff slowly. "We will not recur to that point. Then you have told her the story of your life?"

"No; but I will. She shall know all—everything—before I utter a word of love to her."

"Ah! *bueno! muy bueno!*" said the Padre, wiping his nose ostentatiously. "Ah! let me see! Then, when we have shown her that we cannot possibly marry her, we will begin to make love to her! Eh, eh! that is the American fashion. Ah, pardon!" he continued, in response to a gesture of protestation from Hurlstone; "I am wrong. It is when we have told her that we cannot marry her as a Protestant, that we will make love as a Catholic. Is that it?"

"Hear me!" said Hurlstone, passionately. "You have saved me from madness, and perhaps death. Your care, your kindness, your teachings, have given me life again. Don't blame me, Father Esteban, if, in casting off my old self, you have given me hopes of a new and fresher life—of—"

"A newer and fresher love, you would say," said the Padre, with a sad smile. "Be it so. You will at least do justice to the old priest, when you remember that he never pressed you to take vows that would have prevented this forever."

"I know it," said Hurlstone, taking the old man's hand. "And you will remember, too, that I was happy and contented before this came upon me. Tell me what I shall do. Be my guide, my friend, Father Esteban. Put me where I was a few months ago—before I learned to love her."

"Do you mean it, Diego?" said the old man, grasping his hand tightly and fixing his eyes upon him.

"I do."

"Then listen to me, for it is my turn to speak. When, eight months ago, you sought the shelter of that blessed roof, it was for refuge from a woman that had cursed your life. It was given you. You would leave it now to commit an act that would bring another woman, as mad as yourself, clamoring at its doors for protection from *you*. For what you are proposing to this innocent girl is what you accepted from the older and wickeder woman. You have been cursed because a woman divided for you what was before God an indivisible right; and you, Diego, would now redivide that with another, whom you dare to say you *love*. You would use the opportunity of her helplessness and loneliness here to convince her; you would tempt her with sympathy, for she is unhappy; with companionship, for she has no longer the world to choose from—with everything that should make her sacred from your pursuit."

"Enough," said Hurlstone, hoarsely. "Say no more. Only, I implore you, tell me what to do now to save her. I will—if you tell me to do it—leave her forever."

"Why should *you* go?" said the priest, quietly. "*Her* absence will be sufficient."

"*Her* absence?" echoed Hurlstone.

"Hers alone. The conditions that brought *you* here are unchanged. You are still in need of an asylum from the world and the wife you have repudiated. Why should you abandon it? For the girl, there is no reason why she should remain—beyond yourself. She has a brother whom she loves—who wants her—who has the right to claim her at any time. She will go to him."

"But how?"

"That has been my secret, and will be my sacrifice to you, Diego, my son! I have foreseen all this; I have expected it from the day that girl sent you her woman's message, that was half a challenge, from her school; I have known it from the day you walked together on the seashore. I was blind before that—for I am weak in my way too—and I had dreamed of other things. God has willed it otherwise." He paused, and returning the pressure of Hurlstone's hand, went on: "My secret and my sacrifice for you is this. For the last two hundred years the Church has had a secret and trusty messenger from the See at Guadalajara—in a ship that touches here for a few hours only every three years. Her arrival and departure are known only to myself and my brothers of the Council. By this wisdom and the provision of God the integrity of the Holy Church and the conversion of the heathen have been maintained without interruption and interference. You know now, my son, why your comrades were placed under surveillance; why it was necessary that the people should believe in a political conspiracy among yourselves rather than the facts as they existed, which might have bred a dangerous curiosity among them. I have given you our secret, Diego; that is but a part of my sacrifice. When that ship arrives, and she is expected daily, I will secretly place Miss Keene and her friend on board, with explanatory letters to the Archbishop, and she will be assisted to rejoin her brother. It will be against the wishes of the Council; but my will," continued the old man, with a gesture of imperiousness, "is the will of the Church, and the law that overrides all."

He had stopped with a strange fire in his eyes. It still continued to burn as he went on rapidly. "You will understand the sacrifice I am making in telling you this, when you know that I could have done all that I propose without your leave or hinderance. Yes, Diego; I had but to stretch out my hand thus, and that foolish firebrand of a heretic *muchacha* would have vanished from Todos Santos forever. I could have left you in your fool's paradise, and one morning you would have found her gone. I should have condoled with you, and consoled you, and you would have forgotten her as you did the other. I should not have hesitated; it is the right of the Church through all time to break those carnal ties without heed of the suffering flesh, and I ought to have done so. This, and this alone, would have been worthy of Las Casas and Junipero Serra! But I am weak and old—I am no longer fit for His work. Far better that the ship which takes her away should bring back a successor more worthy than I." He stopped, his eyes dimmed, he buried his face in his hands.

"You have done right, Father Esteban," said Hurlstone, gently putting his arm around the priest's shoulders, "and I swear to you your secret is as safe as if you had never revealed it to me. Perhaps," he added, with a sigh, "I should have been happier if I had not known it—if she had passed out of my life as mysteriously as she had entered it; but you will try to accept my sacrifice as some return for yours. I shall see her no more."

"But will you swear it?" said the priest, eagerly. "Will you swear that you will not even seek her to say farewell—for in that moment the wretched girl may shake your resolution?"

"I shall not see her," repeated the young man, slowly.

"But if she asks an interview," persisted the priest, "on the pretence of having your advice?"

"She will not," returned Hurlstone, with a half-bitter recollection of their last parting. "You do not know her pride."

"Perhaps," said the priest, musingly. "But I have *your* word, Diego. And now let us return to the Mission, for there is much to prepare, and you shall assist me."

Meantime, Hurlstone was only half right in his estimate of Miss Keene's feelings, although the result was the same. The first shock to her delicacy in his abrupt speech had been succeeded by a renewal of her uneasiness concerning his past life or history. While she would, in her unselfish attachment for him, have undoubtingly accepted any explanation he might have chosen to give her, his continued reserve and avoidance of her left full scope to her imaginings. Rejecting any hypothesis of his history except that of some unfortunate love episode, she began to think that perhaps he still loved this nameless woman. Had anything occurred to renew his affection? It was impossible, in their isolated condition, that he should hear from her: but perhaps the priest might have been made a confidant of his past, and had recalled the old affection in rivalry of her? Or had she herself been unfortunate enough through any idle word to reopen the wound? Had there been any suggestion? She checked herself suddenly at a thought that benumbed and chilled her. Perhaps that happy hour at the cross might have reminded him of some episode with another. That was the real significance of his rude speech. With this first taste of the poison of jealousy upon her virgin lips she seized the cup and drank it eagerly. Ah, well—he should keep his blissful recollections of the past undisturbed by her. Perhaps he might even see—though *she* had no past—that her present life might be as disturbing to him. She recalled, with a foolish pleasure, his solitary faint sneer at the devotion of the Commander's secretary. Why shouldn't she hereafter encourage that devotion, and that sneer from this complacently beloved Mr. Hurlstone? Why should he be so assured of her past? The fair and gentle reader who may be shocked at this revelation of Eleanor Keene's character will remember that she has not been recorded as an angel in these pages, but as a very human, honest, inexperienced girl, for the first time struggling with the most diplomatic, Machiavelian, and hypocritical of all the passions.

In pursuance of this new resolution she determined to accept an invitation from Mrs. Markham to accompany her and the Commander to a reception at the Alcalde's house, the happy secretary being of the party. Mrs. Markham, who was under promise to the Comandante not to reveal his plan for the escape of herself and Miss Keene until the arrival of the expected transport, had paid little attention to the late vagaries of her friend, and had contented herself by once saying, with a marked emphasis, that the more free they kept themselves from any entanglements with other people, the more prepared they would be for *a change*.

"Perhaps it's just as well not to be too free even with those Jesuits over at the Mission. Your brother, you know, might not like it."

"*Those Jesuits!*" repeated Miss Keene, indignantly. "Father Esteban, to begin with, is a Franciscan, and Mr. Hurlstone is as orthodox as you or I."

"Don't be too sure of that, my dear," returned Mrs. Markham, sententiously. "Heaven only knows what disguises they assume. Why, Hurlstone and the priest are already as thick as two peas; and you can't make me believe they didn't know of each other before we came here. He was the first one ashore, you remember, before the mutiny; and where did he turn up?—at the Mission, of course! And have you forgotten that sleep-walking affair?—all Jesuitical! Why, poor dear Markham used to say we were surrounded by ramifications of that society—everywhere. The very waiter at your hotel table might belong to the order."

The hour of the siesta was just past, and the corridor and gardens of the Alcalde's house were grouped with friends and acquaintances as the party from the Presidio entered. Mrs. Brimmer, who had apparently effected a temporary compromise with her late instincts of propriety, was still doing the honors of the Alcalde's house, and had once more assumed the Mexican dishabille, even to the slight exposure of her small feet, stockingless, in white satin slippers. The presence of the Comandante and his secretary guaranteed the two ladies of their party a reception at least faultless in form and respect, whatever may have been the secret feelings of the hostess and her friends. The Alcalde received Mrs. Markham and Miss Keene with unruffled courtesy, and conducted them to the place of honor beside him.

As Eleanor Keene, slightly flushed and beautiful in her unwonted nervous excitement, took her seat a flutter went around the corridor, and, with the single exception of Doña Isabel, an almost imperceptible drawing together of the other ladies in offensive alliance. Miss Keene had never abandoned her own style of dress; and that afternoon her delicate and closely fitting white muslin, gathered in at the waist with a broad belt of blue ribbon, seemed to accentuate somewhat unflatteringly the tropical négligé of Mrs. Brimmer and Miss Chubb. Brace, who was in attendance, with Crosby, on the two Ramirez girls, could not help being uneasily conscious of this, in addition to the awkwardness of meeting Miss Keene after the transfer of his affections elsewhere. Nor was his embarrassment relieved by Crosby's confidences to him, in a half-audible whisper:

"I say, old man, after all, the regular straight-out American style lays over all their foreign flops and fandoodles. I wonder what old Brimmer would say to his wife's full-dress nightgown—eh?"

But at this moment the long-drawn, slightly stridulous utterances of Mrs. Brimmer rose through the other greetings like a lazy east wind:

"I shall never forgive the Commander for making the Presidio so attractive to you, dear Miss Keene, that you cannot really find time to see your own countrymen. Though, of course, you're not to blame for not coming to see two frights as we must look—not having been educated to be able to do up our dresses in that faultless style, and perhaps not having the entire control over an establishment like you; yet I suppose that even if the Alcalde did give us *carte blanche* of the laundry *here*, we couldn't do it, unaided even by Mrs. Markham. Yes, dear; you must let me compliment you on your skill, and the way you make things last. As for me and Miss Chubb, we've only found our things fit to be given away to the poor of the Mission. But I suppose even that charity would look as shabby to you as our clothes in comparison with the really good missionary work you and Mr. Hurlstone—or is it Mr. Brace?—I always confound your admirers, my dear—are doing now. At least so says that good Father Esteban."

But, with the exception of the Alcalde and Miss Chubb, Mrs. Brimmer's words fell on unheeding ears, and Miss Keene did not prejudice the triumph of her own superior attractions by seeming to notice Mrs. Brimmer's innuendo. She answered briefly, and entered into lively conversation with Crosby and the secretary, holding the hand of Doña Isabel in her own, as if to assure her that she was guiltless of any design against her former admirer. This was quite unnecessary, as the gentle Isabel, after bidding Brace, with a rap on the knuckles, to "go and play," contented herself with curling up like a kitten beside Miss Keene, and left that gentleman to wander somewhat aimlessly in the patio.

Nevertheless, Miss Keene, whose eyes and ears were nervously alert, and who had indulged a faint hope of meeting Padre Esteban and hearing news of Hurlstone, glanced from time to time toward the entrance of the patio. A singular presentiment that some outcome of this present visit would determine her relations with Hurlstone had already possessed her. Consequently she was conscious, before it had attracted the attention of the others, of some vague stirring in the plaza beyond. Suddenly the clatter of hoofs was heard before the gateway. There was a moment's pause of dismounting, a gruff order given in Spanish, and the next moment three strangers entered the patio.

They were dressed in red shirts, their white trousers tucked in high boots, and wore slouched hats. They were so travel-stained, dusty, and unshaven that their features were barely distinguishable. One, who appeared to be the spokesman of the party, cast a perfunctory glance around the corridor, and, in fluent Spanish, began with the mechanical air of a man repeating some formula:

"We are the bearers of a despatch to the Comandante of Todos Santos from the Governor of Mazatlan. The officer and the escort who came with us are outside the gate. We have been told that the Comandante is in this house. The case is urgent, or we would not intrude—"

He was stopped by the voice of Mrs. Markham, from the corridor, "Well, I don't understand Spanish much—I may be a fool, or crazy, or perhaps both—but if that isn't James Markham's *voice*, I'll bet a cooky!"

The three strangers turned quickly toward the corridor. The next moment the youngest of their party advanced eagerly toward Miss Keene, who had arisen with a half-frightened joy, and with the cry of "Why, it's Nell!" ran toward her. The third man came slowly forward as Mrs. Brimmer slipped hastily from the hammock and stood erect.

"In the name of goodness, Barbara," said Mr. Brimmer, closing upon her, in a slow, portentous whisper, "where *are* your stockings?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

REV. GEORGE A. GATES.

The Rev. George A. Gates, the new President of Iowa College, has been for six years a pastor in Montclair, New Jersey. He is a man of broad and thorough scholarship, who has distinguished himself as a close and accurate student as well as an able and inspiring preacher. His ministry has been in a community of rare culture, and his ability to reach and to impress thoughtful minds has been already fully demonstrated.

Mr. Gates was born in 1851, in Topsham, Vermont. He prepared for college at St. Johnsbury, in the same State, and in 1869 entered Dartmouth College. During his first year he divided the first rank in the class with another, but after that poor health compelled him to be content with a lower position, although he graduated among the highest in his class, and was even in those days recognized as a man of conspicuous ability. On leaving college he became principal of an academy at Morrisville, Vermont, and remained there for two years. After studying at Andover Theological Seminary he went abroad, and was for a long time under the instruction of the ablest the-

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[*] Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1568.

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ologians and philosophers of Germany. GODET at Neuchatel, CHRISTLIEB at Bonn, and LOTZE at Göttingen were the men to whom he was most indebted. In 1880, when the First Congregational Church of Montclair sent off a colony to form a new church, Mr. GATES was called to the pastorate. During his years of service as a pastor he has not only endeared himself to his own parish, but is generally regarded as one of the most promising men in the vicinity of New York.

Iowa College, which has called Mr. GATES to its presidency, is one of the most prominent and promising of all the colleges in the West. It is probably the largest and most influential institution of the kind in the country west of the Mississippi. It may very properly be called the Dartmouth of the interior. Its faculty numbers sixteen, and among them are some men of national reputation. The last catalogue shows 431 students, of whom 187 are in the collegiate department. It lost all its buildings and appliances in 1882 by a cyclone, but that disaster so roused the enthusiasm of helpfulness of its alumni and friends that it is now better equipped than before. It has not adopted the dormitory system, and in that respect is like the German universities. Its scientific museum is of exceptional value and size, ranking above that possessed by most Eastern colleges. Its last president was Rev. GEORGE F. MAGOUN, D.D., who resigned two years ago, but still retains the professorship of Mental and Moral Science. The State of which this is the leading educational institution is one of the most rapidly growing as well as one of the most intelligent in the Union. It is the Massachusetts of the West. A college in the midst of such a population, with the wealth of one of the most progressive of all the States behind it, is sure of a great and prosperous future. His friends predict that under the presidency of Mr. GATES Iowa College will not only continue but surpass its already honorable record.

THE COLUMBIA COLLEGE CELEBRATION.

THE history of Columbia College was reviewed last week in these columns. The one-hundredth anniversary of the renewal of the college charter under republican auspices was celebrated on the 13th instant. It was a great celebration, significant of the importance and power to which the college has grown. Its features were a parade of undergraduates and alumni, literary exercises in the Metropolitan Opera-house, and a reception at the college buildings. The procession was half a mile long, and contained upward of two thousand men. It was a picturesque and noisy procession, the picturesqueness arising from the badges and banners, the gowns and mortar-board caps, and the noise from the spirit-stirring songs and slogans which the robust academic muses inspire. ROBERT C. CORNELL, of the class of '74, a famous athlete and great favorite, called "Bob" CORNELL under the promptings of affection by every true Columbian, was the Grand Marshal, and the oldest alumnus who marched was THOMAS W. CHRISTIE, of the class of '28. The parade was from the college to the Opera-house. A platoon of police opened the way for it, and it stepped and sang to the music of the Seventh Regiment band between sidewalks which were thronged and windows which were filled with lovely faces.

The body of the great Opera-house was packed when, shortly before noon, the ceremonies there were opened by the procession upon the platform of the college trustees and faculty, delegates, and invited guests, headed by General STEWART L. WOODFORD, Grand Marshal, Assistant Grand Marshal GEORGE G. DE WITT, Jun., and President BARNARD in scarlet robe and Oxford cap. The professors wore their black silk gowns, and doctors' hoods of red and purple relieved the expanse of sombre raiment here and there. Undergraduates filled the family circle, and expressed in stentorian chants their desire for programmes and music or their approbation of persons or sentiments as the spirit moved them. Music was furnished by an orchestra from the New York Symphony Society and a chorus from the New York Oratorio Society, under the direction of WALTER DAMROSCH. General SHERMAN and JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL were among the one hundred and fifty distinguished guests. General WOODFORD made the introductory address, and Mr. FREDERIC R. COUDERT was the graceful and eloquent orator of the day.

A significant incident in the course of the exercises was the announcement by President BARNARD that a number of gentlemen, whose names he was not at liberty to divulge, had offered to the college, through Rabbi GOTTHEIL, of the Temple Emanu-El, a sum of not less than $100,000 for the endowment of a chair of rabbinical or comparatively modern Hebrew literature. The conditions of the endowment had not yet been entirely settled, President BARNARD said, but it was hardly probable that any difficulties could arise in regard to them.

After the reading of a poem by the Rev. Dr. GEORGE LANSING TAYLOR upon the "Progress of Learning," the degree of Doctor of Letters was conferred upon twenty-three persons, among them GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, the Rev. Dr. R. S. STORRS, GEORGE BANCROFT, AMELIA B. EDWARDS, and ALICE ELVIRA FREEMAN, President of Wellesley College, of Doctor of Laws upon twenty-eight, among them Mayor HEWITT, DANIEL MANNING, and MARIA MITCHELL, astronomer at Vassar College, and of Doctor of Divinity upon eight. When the degrees had been conferred the assemblage joined in the singing of "Old Hundred," and Bishop POTTER pronounced the benediction.

The reception at the college in the evening was numerously attended, and included a supper and dancing. It may perhaps without offence be chronicled in addition that the joy of the occasion was enhanced by the news conveyed in a placard prominently displayed to the effect that the Columbia base-ball nine had beaten the New York League team of professionals (sometimes called the Giants), by a score of eight to six, in a game played on the Polo Grounds in the course of the afternoon.

A QUARREL OVER CARDS.

IT is more than likely that in Montana, Arizona, and New Mexico, where cards are played for money by ranchmen, horse-rustlers, teamsters, and cow-boys, kites and hawks are numerous, while pigeons to be plucked are comparatively rare and strange birds. Near every government post gamblers settle and games are opened. The seductive influences of draw-poker or monté are irresistible. After months of hard service comes pay-day, and the soldiers and non-commissioned officers, with the teamsters, are sure to part with their money in these gambling hells. Apart from the individual skill of the professional, and his perfect knowledge of the ways of playing the game, long practice has enabled him to increase his chances by the cleverest tricks of legerdemain. Generally, however, he does not "work his crowd" single-handed, but has a confederate. If monté is the game, "short cards" are used. If it is draw-poker, by means of a clever confederate the game invariably beats the novices. Nimble fingers pass the cards, and flushes and straights upset all the calculations of chances. A hidden card, produced at the exact nick of time, makes "four of a kind," and the pot is raked in. The "blandness" of the "heathen Chinee" would find itself entirely out of place among such talented performers. There is a coolness, a quiet deliberateness, about this knavery which is of the most defiant kind. Sometimes, however, there comes a player who has "stacked his chips" on every "lay out" from Bangor to Brazos. He knows all those ways which are crooked. It even adds to his zest to play not only against the luck of cards, but the talents of the gamblers. He is quite prepared for the double stake—his life and his dollars—and of the two holds the former as of lesser value. Of course he has his gun. Before he went into that nest of thieves he saw that his revolver was in prime order, sweet of pull, and with no hitch about it. There would be little excitement about the game without drawing of cards and revolvers. There is always bad liquor and in abundance in such gambling dens, but those who run these establishments do but little of the drinking. New-comers are urged to drink long and hearty, while the professionals are singularly abstemious. When play begins, the inevitable results from it—the tipsy men lose all their money. Mr. F. REMINGTON has made a typical gambling scene. The phlegmatic Chinaman is not very much disturbed. He has been there before; nor would he cease his culinary operations did the revolvers speak. There is the furious man who has sprung to his feet. His thumb is on the hammer of his gun. He has "the drop," so to speak. Perhaps the three aces which beat his three kings, or the four trays which beat his ace full, have become a trifle too monotonous. Then there is the steady, thorough-going desperado who has been dealing. In one hand he holds the deck of cards. With the outstretched palm of the other hand he seems to say, "It's all perfectly square, gentlemen." That stolid-looking man to his right is his confederate. It was his deal before, and then the trick was done. The party to the left, seated on the soap-box, has a shrewd suspicion that in the "muss" the table might be overturned; so he wants to make his money safe, and covers his chips with his hands. The old stager, who has been long in service, still smokes his pipe; he is used to such things. The other non-commissioned man toys with his pistol. He seems to think that all has not been lovely, and that if there is to be any general shooting, "promiscuous like," he will know whom his pistol will cover. Above the table the lamp throws its bright glare, and emphasizes the play of human features.

It is something that happens somewhere or other every day in the Territories. The papers tell of it briefly: "A teamster killed a gambler over a game of draw." Or it may be, "A gambler shot a cow-boy dead at poker." You can pack in a whole drama and the end of a life easily enough in eight or ten words.

JOHN T. RAYMOND.

A QUAINT, amusing, and interesting American actor has suddenly left the world's stage. Born at Buffalo, New York, April 5, 1836, JOHN O'BRIEN, known wherever English plays are performed as JOHN T. RAYMOND, died at Evansville, Indiana, April 10, 1887, from a complication of disorders which his physicians describe as general prostration. To those who knew Mr. RAYMOND intimately his death was not unexpected, but to the majority of the dramatic profession and the public it was a painful surprise. Two years ago, at Memphis, he was nursed back to life by the extraordinary care and skill of devoted friends. Last season, at Boston, he had a severe attack of what was called heart-disease, and was earnestly advised to cancel his engagements, and rest until his strength was restored. But to Mr. RAYMOND the hard work of his profession seemed a necessity. His disposition was so bright, sanguine, and hopeful that he could not be induced to believe himself dangerously ill. The end came while he was upon a starring tour with a new play and his own company, and he died, unconscious of pain, in the interval between two performances.

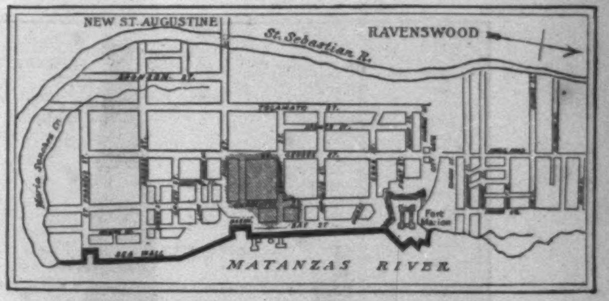
A stage-struck youth, Mr. RAYMOND ran away from home and business at the age of seventeen, and made his first appearance in the small part of Lopez, a servant, in *The Honeymoon*, at Rochester, New York, June 27, 1853. He was so inexperienced and so frightened that by a paradox he scored a great success; for Lopez is supposed to be inane and vacuous, and RAYMOND unintentionally represented him to the life. The new actor was found out, however, when he was entrusted with other characters, and had to serve his apprenticeship as a utility man. In 1854 he played Timothy Quaint in *The Soldier's Daughter*, at Philadelphia, and then travelled through the South for several seasons as a stock comedian, acting the entire round of old comedy parts in standard comedies and farces. His first professional success was won at Laura Keene's Theatre, New York, in 1861, as Asa Trenchard, the Yankee hero of *Our American Cousin*, in which his friend E. A. SOTHERN achieved fame and fortune. He accompanied Mr. SOTHERN to London and Paris, and was cordially received. Returning to New York in 1868, he appeared as Toby Twinkle in *All that Glitters is not Gold* at the Theatre Comique. The theatre was destroyed by fire, and Mr. RAYMOND went to the Golden State, and during a stock engagement at the California Theatre, San Francisco, discovered wealth and popularity in a dramatization of Mark Twain's story *The Gilded Age*. As Colonel Sellers in this play, with his favorite motto "There's millions in it," Mr. RAYMOND will be best remembered. He was a Colonel Sellers by nature, and to act the character he had only to be himself.

During four years Mr. RAYMOND attracted crowded houses in *The Gilded Age*, and to the last he kept this piece in his repertory. He took it to England in 1880, and played it at the Gaiety Theatre, London; but English audiences could not appreciate its American humor. Since then the record of his career is that of repeated efforts to invent a character which would suit him as perfectly as Colonel Sellers. He tried an insurance agent in *Risks*, an adventurous American in *Fresh*, a practical politician in *For Congress*, a Western editor *In Paradise*, Ichabod Crane in a dramatization of WASHINGTON IRVING'S tale; he bought the American right of two English farces, *In Chancery* and *The Magistrate*; he produced a new comedy, *A Woman-Hater*, at Harlem, in January, and another, *A Gold Mine*, at Memphis, on the 1st of April. Of these pieces he wrote hopefully, but *The Gilded Age* was his only financial success. Speculations in Wall Street had swept away his savings, and he had a son, JOHN IRVING RAYMOND, five years of age, whose future he was anxious to assure. Thus the popular comedian, who seemed so prosperous and light-hearted, struggled against care and disease, and died in harness. But there was no sign of the struggle in his manner on or off the stage. Always a teetotaller, he took no spirits down to keep his spirits up. He was ready at any moment to match his "lucky" golden eagle against a friend's coin for a dollar, a hundred dollars, or the night's receipts. Often, while performing a part, he would notice a friend in front, touch his own head, take out the lucky eagle, and signify by his fingers the amount he had lost or won. He dressed nattily; he brimmed over with good-humor, good stories, and good deeds. The last letter which he wrote enclosed a subscription to the BEECHER monument, and expressed his high appreciation of the Brooklyn patriarch.

JOHN T. RAYMOND legally assumed his stage name before he married, in 1881, ROSE COURTNEY BARNES, the daughter of ROSE EYTINGE, the actress, and Mr. BARNES, once city editor of the New York *Times*. He had previously been divorced from MARIE GORDON, an actress, now retired from the stage and resident in London. His body, embalmed at Evansville, was brought on to New York, and buried, on Wednesday, April 13, from "The Little Church 'round the Corner," the rector, Dr. HOUGHTON, officiating. The chancel was filled with floral memorials, a great crowd attended the services. The body was interred at Greenwood Cemetery, where an appropriate monument will be erected by subscription.

A POST-OFFICE ON THE PRAIRIE.

THE post-office of Mr. ZOGBAUM'S picture is blessed with plenty of light and fresh air, and is as picturesquely placed probably as it could be anywhere in the neighborhood, but still it does not suggest itself exactly as a jolly post-office, with plenty of gossip and a warm stove, and certainly not as one calculated to create fierce belligerency and unquenchable hate among political factions, or to keep the President of the United States awake nights. If there are rascals inside of it who ought to be turned out, or rascals outside who yearn to get in, they neglect to give evidence of themselves, and there absolutely seems to be in the country one post-office upon whose conduct the perpetuity of American institutions and the hope of universal freedom do not unalterably depend. A sign which spans the edifice might momentarily arouse, to be sure, a suspicion of the presence of spoils worthy the attention of statesmen, but the conviction that it is an old sign, left over from a time when the post-office building was devoted to other purposes, is not long in taking possession of the intelligence of the careful observer. If that sign still held good, it is doubtful if the idea of the inviolability of the post-office would hold as good as it does in the actual circumstances. There is many a cow-boy who, while he would scorn to interfere with any man's casual private correspondence, would not hesitate to appropriate to himself such a universal matter as is specified in that sign. But being what it is and where it is, the post-office of the prairie answers its purposes very well.



MAP OF ST. AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA.
The shaded portion shows the burned district.

THE FIRE IN ST. AUGUSTINE.

A PORTION of St. Augustine, the oldest city in the United States, was destroyed by fire on the morning of the 12th of April. The flames broke out in the St. Augustine Hotel, which, being built of pine, blazed so rapidly that the guests and servants, aroused from sleep, had barely time to escape; and a colored servant who sought to save her clothing perished. Sweeping northward, the fire attacked the Cottage, the Edwards House, the Planter's House, the Florida House annex, the First National Bank, and the old Spanish Cathedral. This last, just west of the St. Augustine Hotel, an interesting landmark built in 1793, containing historic relics and four bells whose last service was that of summoning the people to the rescue, caught at the roof, and soon fell. When the east wall of the St. Augustine Hotel, facing Charlotte Street, crumbled, the flames crossed to the opposite side, destroying many stores, two museums, and so on. The old County Court-house was also burned, but its records were saved. The Bishop's house, built of coquina, situated west of the Cathedral, escaped destruction.

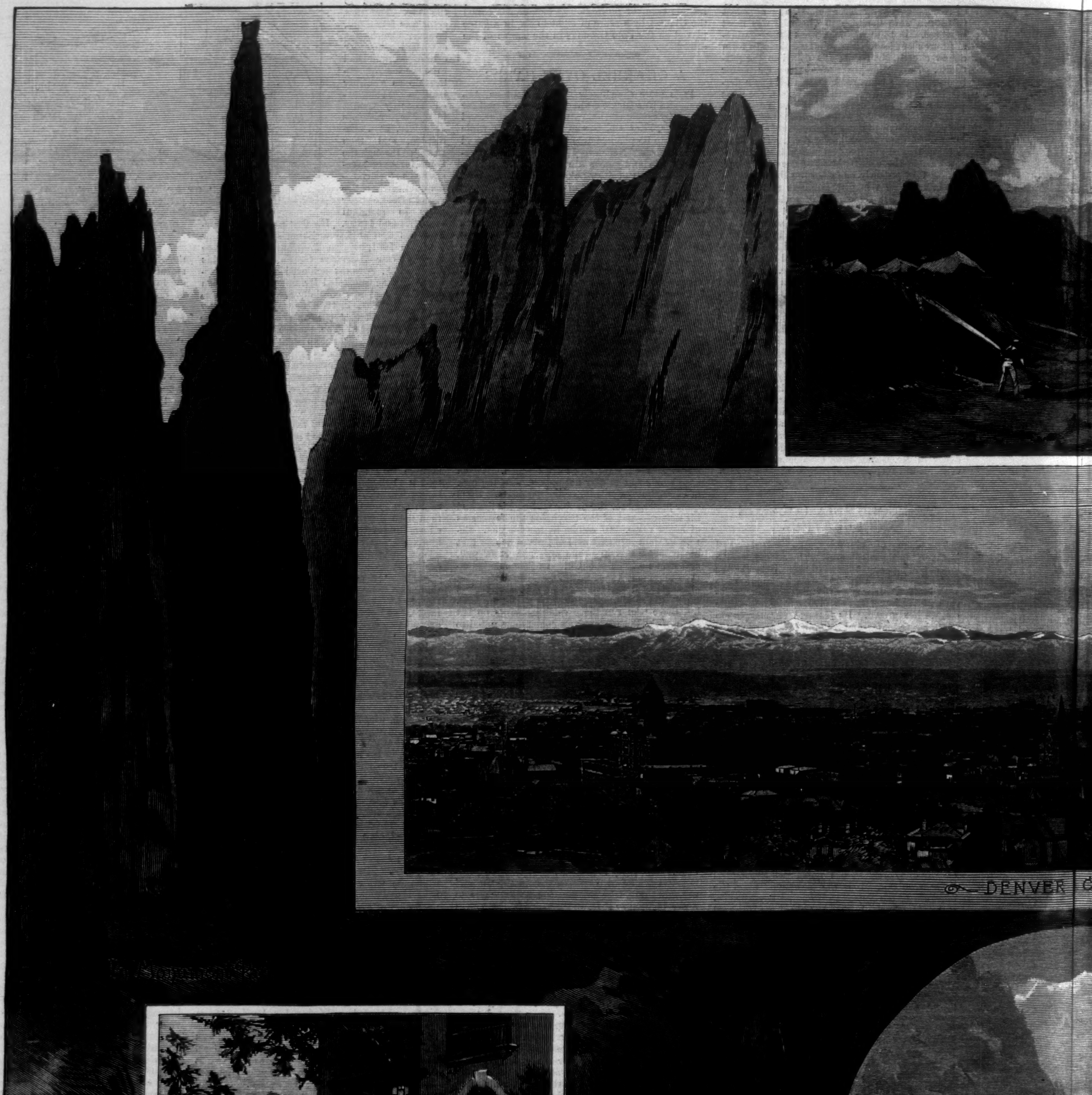
The St. Augustine Hotel will be remembered by visitors to Florida as a favorite winter resort, facing the water, on the north side of the public square, or Plaza de la Constitucion. Just opposite, the structure called the old slave-market, with its roof resting on tall pillars, was burned. But the most interesting building in the town was the Cathedral, in Moorish style, constructed of coquina, a conglomerate of small sea-shells. A quaint belfry over the entrance contained the bells already spoken of, one of which dates back two centuries, and is inscribed with the words "*Sancte Joseph, ora pro nobis.*" A silver lamp burned near the altar, and its walls were adorned with paintings. An inscription noted that the first mass in St. Augustine was said September 8, 1565, at the landing of the Spaniards under PEDRO MENENDEZ.

This date carries us back to the early days of Spanish conquest, with which St. Augustine is always associated, and which no doubt enhances its interest to tourists. While the city prides itself on its antiquity, it is rather remarkable that it contains so few edifices which may properly be called ancient. Nevertheless, in the construction of the old Spanish town, with its narrow streets, sometimes not more than ten or fifteen feet wide, and its low houses with overhanging balconies bringing opposite dwellings still nearer, there is an element new to the experience of most visitors. Of course there are also modern residences, surrounded by gardens or fine grounds. Its beautiful situation on a neck of the mainland, between San Sebastian and Matanzas rivers, behind Anastasia Island, its mild climate, and its prevailing repose have made it a favorite resort in the winter, when its permanent population is more than doubled. The remains of old Spanish fortifications can be seen on Anastasia Island, while Fort Marion, where the Apaches are under guard, was laid out by the Spaniards. The city has a good harbor, and may certainly be said to have grown more prosperous as it has grown older. Considering the early hour at which the fire started, the many wooden structures which furnished fuel for it, and the fact that the town contained but a single steam fire-engine, it is fortunate that no more houses were destroyed. The hard work done by the firemen, the people, and the troops proved effective at last, while the plaza prevented the flames from spreading southward.

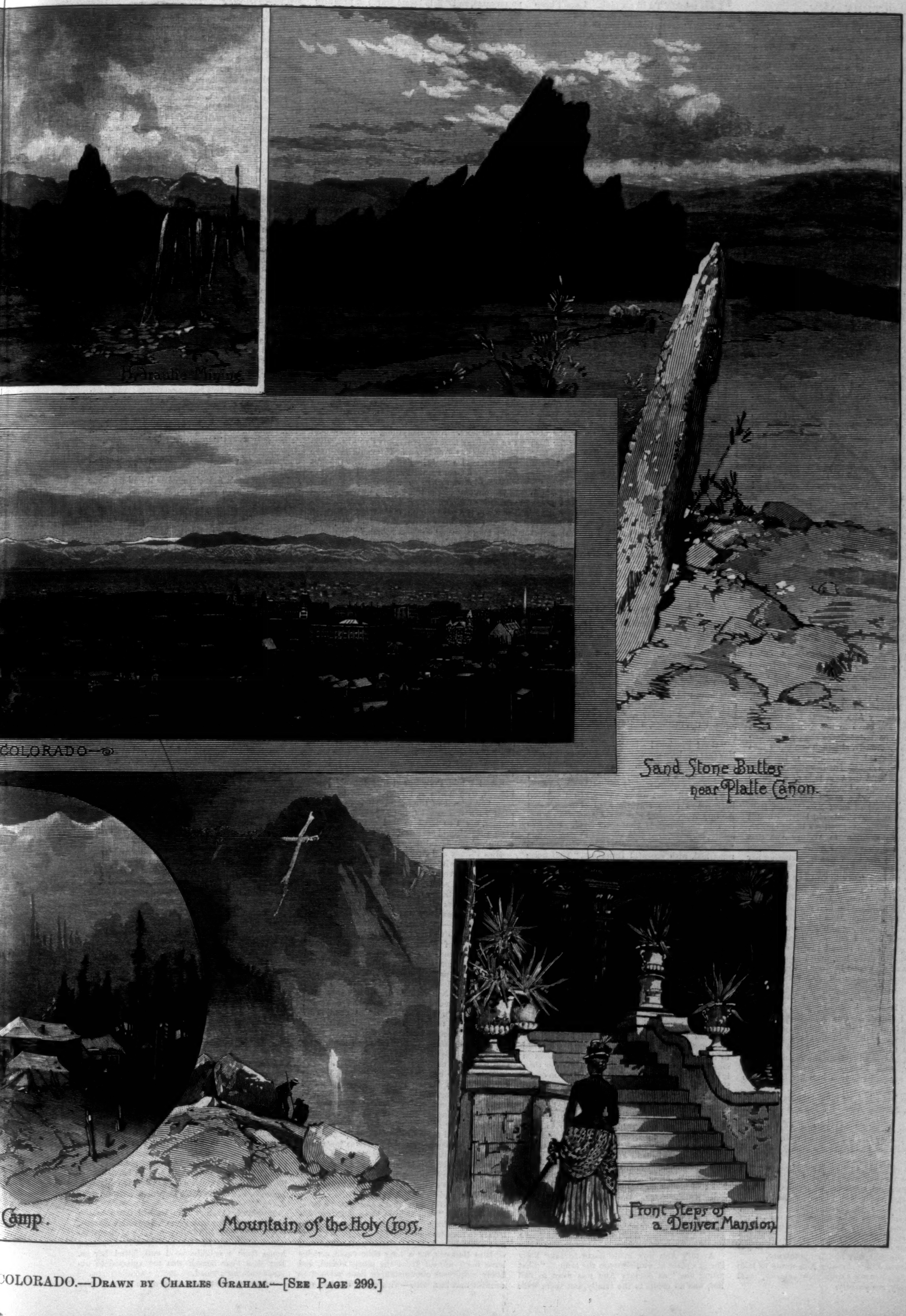
COMMEMORATING A NOTABLE STAGE EVENT.

THE hundredth representation of *The Taming of the Shrew* was given at Daly's Theatre on the evening of Wednesday, the 13th inst., and the early morning hours of Thursday, the 14th, were devoted by the Daly company and some twoscore of guests to the celebration of that event. The guests were invited to join in a "little supper." What they found prepared for them was an elaborate banquet, which was served on the stage, on a huge round table, three-fourths of whose ample area were covered by a solid mass of yellow roses, jonquils, and tulips. The talk which followed the feast was worthy of the occasion, in further commemoration of which Mr. Daly has had an edition of the play printed from the prompter's copy, with an introduction by Mr. William Winter. In an "additional word" to Mr. Winter's preface, Mr. Daly attempts to account for the long run of *The Taming of the Shrew* as follows:

> "I am inclined to attribute the remarkable success to the contemporaneous spirit of the play. It seems to have been written (as with a predictive pen) for our own time. In its varied and contrastive plots and characters, and its short, crisp dialogue, and in the absence of long philosophical monologues or soliloquies, it might have been constructed by a Shakspere of this century who had studied the methods and requirements of the modern comedy stage. The audiences which have witnessed the representation seemed wrapt in interest throughout each performance, and no modern piece of the past quarter of a century has so thoroughly captured the fancy of the public as the restored version of *The Shrew*."


DENVER
Entrance to
Private Dwelling _ Denver
Mining C

THE CITY OF DENVER, AND MOUNTAIN SCENES IN C


Hydraulic Mining
COLORADO
Sand Stone Buttes near Platte Cañon.
Camp.
Mountain of the Holy Cross.
Front Steps of a Denver Mansion.

COLORADO.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 299.]

ARCTURY ANN.

By SOPHIE SWETT.

Arctury Ann was wielding a whitewash brush in the back yard, her gaunt figure clad in a skimpy calico dress, and her face lost to view in the cavernous depths of a sun-bonnet. Whitewashing was as much a part of the spring opening in Wakeville as the bursting of buds or the nesting of birds; fences and tree trunks were whitewashed impartially. Arctury Ann in her zeal always applied a dazzling coat to the nearest rocks in the neighboring pasture, and her zeal was not quenched by the fact that Hiram Wing, the tin peddler, took advantage of the whiteness to advertise the hair-dye which he had invented, to the great distress of the Misses Babcock, whom Arctury Ann served as "help." In fact, Arctury Ann had been heard to say that she thought the letters, being red, "looked real tasty and enlivenin', and seemed to put a finish to the landscape." It is possible, however, that the tin peddler brought her to this view of the case by presenting her with a bottle of his hair-dye; not that Arctury Ann needed it—her hair was still black and glossy—but she was thrifty, and was impressed with the truth of the tin peddler's remark that it was wise to take time literally by the forelock by keeping a bottle of hair-dye in her bureau drawer.

The Misses Babcock were subject to periodical ambitions to have the hen-house painted, but were deterred by a fear of interfering with Arctury Ann's whitewashing enjoyments. She was now vigorously applying her brush to the slats, when, happening to look out between them, she espied Elder Daggett driving meditatively along in the sweet spring weather. The elder's very high buggy and his bony steed, even his own stooping shoulders and shiny broadcloth knees, looked antiquated and depressingly incongruous with the freshness of spring, and his thin and severe mouth and obstinate Roman nose seemed to frown upon the frivolities of chattering birds and wayward breezes that audaciously showered him with apple blossoms. But to Arctury Ann the light that never was on sea or land transfigured the sight, and the rusty band that encircled the elder's ancient hat might have been the halo around the head of a saint.

Arctury Ann and Ephraim Daggett were brought up on adjoining farms, and had "kept company" until Sophrony Clisby, who was a presiding elder's daughter, and had studied Latin and kept school, came visiting to Pretty Marsh. In three months she and Ephraim Daggett were married. Ephraim said it was his duty to think what a minister of the gospel required in a wife, and not of himself. Now she was dead—had been dead long enough for the elder's hat-band to grow very rusty—and what a strange providence it was that had put it into the hearts of the Conference to send him over here to Wakeville to minister to the church of which Arctury Ann was a pillar!

Arctury Ann was of the few of human kind who cannot, to use her own phrase, "get over things." The "testimony" which she was wont to give in prayer-meeting consisted of the repeated declaration that she "was born a Methodist, edoocated a Methodist, and would die a Methodist," and as Arctury Ann clave to her form of faith, even so she clave to her first love. But with maidenly shame-facedness she continued to ply her brush vigorously, although she knew that the elder had alighted, tied his horse to the balm-of-Gilead-tree with dignified deliberation, and even now had in his hand the twin tails of the brass griffins that formed the knocker of the door.

A thin, delicate voice called her name, and Arctury Ann turned to meet Miss Phrasy Babcock—a worn and mild little old lady, with soft white ringlets shading the hollows in her cheeks. It was instantly apparent to Arctury Ann that Miss Phrasy was oblivious of her flutterings, and of the flush that she knew was rejuvenating her high cheek-bones.

"*She* has taken a fancy to go down to Deacon Case's store to see his new spring goods, and you must go with her, Arctury Ann." Miss Phrasy had drawn her handmaiden into the seclusion of the barn, and she whispered as if the empty stalls had ears, or the strutting gobbler and the hens that wandered in and out with their families might be expected to spread the news. "She wanted Pliny to drive her, and I told her you had an errand that must be done. Pray for me, Arctury Ann! But you *do* need a new calico, you know. I can't go, on account of my rheumatism. I couldn't get in or out of the carriage to-day; and besides, Ned Bent is coming to luncheon. Oh, I forgot, Arctury Ann, Elder Daggett was coming in at the gate—to see you, of course."

"He'll have to be told that I'm goin' out. 'Twon't do to stop." Arctury Ann's tone was indifferent, but looking into the depths of the sun-bonnet, Miss Phrasy saw something that brought a sympathetic look into her faded blue eyes.

"It's too bad; but we must take care of her, you and I, Arctury Ann—for little Nan's sake, too."

"Yes, 'm, we will," said Arctury Ann, simply. And Miss Phrasy laid her delicate, withered hand confidingly in her handmaiden's strong and hard one.

A little old lady, as like Miss Phrasy as one pea is like another, except that a certain bloom and lightness sat upon her as conspicuously as age and care upon Miss Phrasy, rocked herself impatiently in the side porch, with her bonnet on. "Pliny never keeps me waiting," she said. "It seems to me, Arctury Ann, that you are always buying something, when you had better be saving up for your old age. Or else people want to put me out," she said, with childish petulance.

"Nonsense, Fear; Arctury Ann wants to take her pick of Deacon Case's new calicoes," said Miss Phrasy, composedly.

"I was thinkin' I'd like a pink. I won't keep you waitin' more'n a minute, Miss Fear."

"A pink!" echoed Miss Fear, as Arctury Ann disappeared, and she gave way to a comfortable laugh that shook her plump person. "She'll put her hair up in curl-papers next, if Elder Daggett continues his attentions."

Arctury Ann gazed regretfully through the blinds, as she rapidly pinned and hooked her garments, at the retreating form of the elder, despatched by her small assistant, Polly Shedd—abruptly, no doubt, for want of ceremony characterized Polly Shedd's manner.

"They say there's a skeleton in every house; but I hope to mercy that every one of 'em don't take to rattlin' his bones in the very nick of time, as ours does. Well, anyhow, he'll come again if he wants to" (another peep through the blinds), "even if he had cold water throwed in his face. That's the way with men-folks," concluded Arctury Ann, with that confidence in her understanding of the superior sex common to spinsters.

It was pleasant to drive through the sunshiny freshness of the morning. Abigail, the old mare, tossed her head light-heartedly, and even showed vague youthful stirrings of the muscles when the butcher's colt raced by her. And Arctury Ann's mind recurred to the pink calico.

"Maybe pink *is* some young for me, but Miss Gilmore, the new dress-maker, says that what's becomin' is always suitable," she said, with a wistful, sympathy-seeking glance at her companion.

"Your complexion is almost like a young girl's, Arctury Ann," said Miss Fear, yielding to the genial influences of the spring morning.

The new goods at Deacon Case's shop were very attractive, but Arctury Ann was not so far beguiled, even when she was industriously *chewing* a bit of the pink calico to test its qualities, but that she kept a watchful eye on all her surroundings. She counted the number of rolls in the box of ribbon which Miss Fear was examining, and she kept close beside her, admiring the shades. She kept a strict watch over the new porte-monnaies strewn over the counter for Miss Fear's inspection, and upon the tiny clocks, new to Wakeville, which, just unpacked, stood in a row upon the counter. And yet all the while her mind was struggling with a doubt about the pink calico. She said "it seemed a little mite sl'asy, and she didn't know but that the brown was better worth the money." Arctury Ann's steadfast purpose was always to get her money's worth. Nevertheless it was the pink that was finally cut off and done up, and tucked away, with Miss Fear's purchases, under the carriage seat.

"Folks has to kind of give way to their feelin's sometimes," she remarked, apologetically, to Miss Fear.

Deacon Case's boy had discovered that Old Abigail was likely to lose one of her shoes, and they had to drive around by Jason Perry's blacksmith's shop to have it fastened. The blacksmith was busy, and they were obliged to wait, with the carriage drawn up in the shade of a large silver-birch-tree. When at length young Jason Perry, the blacksmith's son, brought Abigail out and harnessed her into the carriage, Miss Fear was moved to alight and assure herself that the shoe was properly fastened. While young Jason held the foot up for her inspection, suddenly, muffled but distinct, a clock struck twelve quick strokes.

"Good gracious! where'd that come from? Has that ole hoss got clock-works inside of her?" exclaimed young Jason.

There was a pink flush on Miss Fear's cheeks, and her eyes questioningly sought Arctury Ann's.

"Beats all what queer noises you always do hear round these shiverin' kind of trees," said Arctury Ann, gazing with great apparent curiosity into the branches above her head. She was aware, however, that this attempt at explanation was a ridiculous failure, even before young Jason remarked, with scornful frankness, "That noise never come out of no birch-tree; 'twas a clock."

When they reached home the family were at luncheon, the meal which had superseded the old-fashioned mid-day dinner for Nan's sake. A great many things were done for Nan's sake. She was a trust left to the two sisters by their only brother, who was dead; she was the last of the family; she was sweet and fragile with youth and innocence; nothing, nothing must be allowed to harm or trouble Nan. Miss Phrasy said it wistfully to her sister, anxiously to Arctury Ann. Miss Fear was indulgent to her even to the extent of bringing forth treasured hoards of finery for her wearing; and to Arctury Ann, who had taken care of her when she was little more than a baby, Nan was as the apple of her eye.

Nan had just returned from abroad, whither she had been taken by some relatives of her dead mother, and strange to say—or so it seemed to the Misses Babcock, who, like all dwellers in small places, fancied the world much larger than it is—she had met there Ned Bent, the son of old Squire Bent, who was of Wakeville stock, and still returned to the old homestead occasionally for a summer. Ned Bent and Nan had played and quarrelled in childhood in Wakeville meadows, and been separated by fate, only to meet again and acquire a strong taste for each other's society on the banks of the Nile. It was to the Misses Babcock quite a wonderful romance. And they knew Ned—he was Dr. Bent now—"root and branch," and he was almost good enough for Nan; of course no one could be expected to be quite good enough. But old Squire Bent was proud; not altogether in a worldly way, but of his honorable ancestors and untarnished name.

"We must be doubly vigilant now, Arctury Ann," Miss Phrasy often whispered, "for Nan's sake."

Arctury Ann now made haste to take Polly Shedd's place at waiting upon the table. "That young one," as Arctury Ann was wont to call her, was no credit to the family, but there were no servants, and "help" were scarce in primitive Wakeville.

She tried to return Miss Phrasy's look of anxious inquiry with an encouraging smile; but there was no guile in Arctury Ann's facial muscles; the result was ghastly; and Miss Phrasy's hand shook as she poured the coffee. It was a great relief that Miss Fear, immediately after luncheon, set out across the fields to visit old bedridden Mrs. Prouty, one of the poor people to whom she was devoted. Then, in the seclusion of the pantry, with the door locked against inquisitive Polly Shedd, Arctury Ann told, with many self-accusations, her tale of trouble.

"If anybody had heard it but just young Jason Perry! His tongue is as long as his ears, and more you couldn't say," she said, despairingly. "They stood there on the counter, eight of 'em in a row, not a dreadful sight bigger than a good old-fashioned watch, and I wouldn't have believed I took my eyes off 'm her long enough; but there! that pink calico was weighin' on my mind, poor foolish sinful cretur that I be! Satan knows the weak j'ints in our armor. But if I could get hold of it I could manage to get it back again, same as I did the Dorcas Society's quilt, without anybody's knowin' anything about it."

"We'll try to find it," said Miss Phrasy, and Arctury Ann followed her upstairs to the one finished room in the attic, which was a treasury for Miss Fear's hoarded possessions. She hoarded everything, from the broken toys of her childhood to her discarded caps and bonnets. There was, moreover, in the room a queer assortment of household goods, from soap and sugar to odd pieces of crockery and glass-ware.

"I feel guilty and treacherous whenever I search here," said Miss Phrasy, as she and Arctury Ann, evidently with experienced hands, overturned bundles and rummaged in trunks and drawers; "but God knows I do it more for her sake and Nan's than for my own. There is no clock here, Arctury Ann. I didn't think she came up here. Now everything will come out! I've tried my best for years, but I've always expected this day would come. If it could only have been delayed a little! I've sometimes thought that Deacon Case suspects already. I've tried to make up losses to him so many times by adding to the amount of the bill after it was sent; and you always thought they saw you at Goddard's when you put back the red table-cloth. Perhaps it would have been better if we had let people know long ago that she was insane."

"But she ain't a mite, about anything else," said Arctury Ann, with decision. "A sensibler woman there ain't in Wakeville, and everybody knows it. And bein' a church member in good and reg'lar standin', and givin' to good works, Satan will put it into the hearts of folks to p'int a jeerin' finger."

"And there was Great-uncle Elijah Renfold, on our mother's side, who wasn't called honest—they'll trace it back to him," said Miss Phrasy, helplessly. "Oh, Arctury Ann, what can we do?"

"If I was you I should ask her for it," said Arctury Ann.

"Oh, I can't do that. It is terrible to accuse one's own sister of such a thing. I did once, you know, when the gold dollar was taken out of the contribution-box, and she seemed so horrified! And she looked as innocent as a lamb. And she cried terribly because I could suspect her. Arctury Ann, sometimes I can almost distrust my own senses rather than her. See how she leaves the things about, and sometimes the door open. I was obliged to tell Nan that this one place in the house she must never go near."

"And I told Polly Shedd that the old Harry himself, with horns and flamin' eyes, had been seen lookin' out of the garret windows. Seems as if such lies would bring a judgment on me, certain, but I've lived to find out that it ain't such a simple and easy world that folks can think of nothin' but savin' their own souls."

Miss Phrasy and Arctury Ann conferred long together, but without arriving at any satisfactory conclusion. Arctury Ann suggested that Miss Phrasy should see Deacon Case and pay him for the clock, trusting to his honor to keep the secret. But Miss Phrasy could not bring herself to this. Deacon Case was an honorable man, no doubt, but yet—to sit in the store and talk over passing events was the popular pastime of the male portion of Wakeville society. The tide of events sometimes ran low, and then who could say that Deacon Case, known to have fully his share of the natural human love of imparting astonishing information, would be able to resist temptation? No: rather than to risk that, Miss Phrasy preferred to trust to Providence, she said; and she was not moved from that position by Arctury Ann's remark that "without meanin' to be perfane it seemed to her that this was a world where folks's own gumption had to come first, and Providence only kind of stepped in when that wa'n't no use."

Early in the evening Arctury Ann, putting on her shawl and bonnet to go to prayer-meeting, heard the clang of the brass knocker resound through the house, and a moment after Deacon Case was trying to learn of slow-witted Polly Shedd whether Miss Phrasy was at home. Arctury Ann stood aside in the dusk of the hall, and saw Miss Phrasy go into the parlor to meet him. She looked white and tremulous; she paused and looked about her as if help must come from somewhere. Arctury Ann kept in the shadow unseen, but followed her noiselessly to the threshold of the door, and waited, listening.

"It's a painful duty that's brought me here, Miss Babcock," said Deacon Case, fidgeting uneasily in his chair. "If it hadn't seemed to be a duty to the community and to you, I don't know as I could have brought myself to it. The fact is, Miss Babcock, for a long time small articles have been missed from the stores round, and lately suspicious circumstances have seemed to connect that fact with—with about the last person that anybody would have thought of suspecting." The deacon mopped his forehead restlessly with his bandana. There was a choking sound in Miss Phrasy's throat, but no words came. "A little clock was missing from my store this forenoon just after this—this certain person had left, and young Jason Perry happening to come in while I was speaking of it, gave me some information that seemed to leave no room for doubt that my suspicions were correct. Miss Arctury Ann Toothaker is a member of the Methodist Church, and she's been respected by the whole community, and she's been in your employ a great while, and I suppose you have confidence in her, but you and I have lived long enough to know, Miss Babcock, that appearances are very deceitful."

A word of surprised denial was on Miss Phrasy's tongue, when into the room stepped Arctury Ann. "I'm ready to confess that I'm guilty," she said. "I've been takin' things for a consid'able spell. I've always been too much set on the pomps and vanities, in spite of my Christian perfession, and that's how Satan has overthrowed me. I've got means enough to make restitution, and I'm willin' to. And I'm willin' to bear anything else that can come upon me on account of it."

Arctury Ann's manner was defiant, although her voice shook.

"Oh, Arctury Ann!" came from Miss Phrasy.

But it was only a feeble gasp, and might have meant surprise or reproach rather than remonstrance.

"It's a strange case, a very strange case. But we're all sinners, all of us," murmured the good deacon, evidently much surprised and embarrassed by Arctury Ann's prompt confession. "And I'm sure I shouldn't want to press it. And there's Jeremy Goddard, he's lost some things: you'll excuse my mentioning it after what you've—you've admitted. I'm sure he'd be satisfied with a fair price for the goods without thinking of prosecuting. Jason Perry, being a class-leader, may think it his duty to lay the matter before the church. But your confession and—and repentance would make it right; for we have all come short—all of us."

Arctury Ann's face changed as it had not done before; she even leaned upon a chair for support.

"I expect I shall have to go before the church," she said, "though I didn't seem to think of it. It's a dretful thing to get caught in Satan's toils."

"He spreads them for all of us. We ought to be thankful when there's a place for repentance," said Deacon Case, taking himself off in awkward embarrassment, while Miss Phrasy still sat looking crushed and bewildered.

"Has he really gone?" she said. "But, oh, Arctury Ann, what have you done?"

"Nothing but what is my own business," said Arctury Ann, firmly. "If it wa'n't a leadin', his suspectin' me, then may the Lord forgive me! I've undertook it, Miss Phrasy, and I'm goin' to go through with it. You've been own folks to me, and I never had any others, and I'm one that clings to 'em. I'd go through more'n this to save you and poor Miss Fear from disgrace, and Miss Nan's heart from breakin'. Besides, it won't be talked about near so much as if I was old Parson Babcock's daughter that was known everywhere."

"I can't have you make such a sacrifice, Arctury Ann."

But Miss Phrasy said it faintly, and she wrung her purple-veined old hands helplessly.

"Now, Miss Phrasy, you just look at it in the light of its bein' my business, and you havin' no right to interfere," said Arctury Ann, with decision. "You can't say anything now without layin' me in a lie."

"It *is* a falsehood, and I'm afraid I've brought you to it, my poor Arctury Ann. We've—we've prevaricated so much!" groaned Miss Phrasy.

"Well, we have," admitted Arctury Ann. "The Lord knows my marrer-bones has ached, night after night, pleadin' against a judgment bein' sent on us for it; but yet, if it was to come over again, I s'pose I should do just the same. I'm a poor, blind, sinful cretur, and maybe I've mistook the Lord's leadin's, but I'm goin' through with it, now, anyhow, Miss Phrasy."

A few more ineffectual remonstrances did Miss Phrasy make; but, never of very strong mental calibre, she was worn out now, and Arctury Ann seemed so sure and strong a reliance. And, as she said, she was not old Parson Babcock's daughter. There was no mistaking the relief that showed in the relaxed muscles of Miss Phrasy's face, and the increased firmness of her step.

It was very soon apparent that Jason Perry, the blacksmith, *had* felt it to be his duty to lay the matter before the church. Arctury Ann was summoned to appear before a church meeting the next Friday afternoon, to answer to grave charges affecting her moral and Christian character. The letter was signed by Elder Ephraim Daggett and others, constituting a "committee."

Arctury Ann swallowed, fiercely, a lump in her throat which threatened to choke her, and turned a determinedly cheerful face upon Miss Phrasy. "It's real consolin' that it 'll be over so soon," she said.

It was only to herself that she murmured, "I kind of thought he might come up and speak to me private and friendly about it, but he never turned his head, a-ridin' by, and he looked terrible stern. He's such a righteous man himself, Ephraim is, that he can't help bein' hard on evildoers."

Resolutely Arctury Ann walked down to the church when the day came. But Miss Phrasy, left behind, walked the floor in spite of her lameness, and wrung her hands. Miss Fear, coming home from a neighborhood call, found her so. But Miss Fear herself was too agitated to observe another's mood.

"Phrasy, what does this mean that they've been telling me about Arctury Ann?—she taken things that didn't belong to her, and confessing it before the church! Arctury Ann! It's preposterous!"

Miss Phrasy said nothing, but she turned and looked at her steadily.

"Don't look at me like that, Phrasy," said Miss Fear, appealingly. "You've often done it lately, and you've kept watch of me, you and Arctury Ann. I do have strange spells—like dreaming awake. It's been so ever since I was thrown out of the carriage going to County Conference, more than ten years ago. I seem to want to take things—to *steal* them, quick, though I don't want them, even in my dream. And then whether I've bought all the things I have or not I can't tell, or which of them I've stolen. But, oh! Phrasy, I've hoped and prayed that it never was more than a dream. And I couldn't bear to speak of it or own it that time you asked me, for fear you'd think I was insane. Phrasy, don't tell me it was I who stole the things, and Arctury Ann is sacrificing herself for me!"

"Oh, my poor Fear! my poor Fear!" wailed Miss Phrasy. "But I never thought hard of you—I knew it wasn't *you*."

"I never was like that, was I?" questioned Miss Fear, eagerly. "And yet when I was a little mite of a girl I stole Matilda Libby's doll's bonnet. I never shall forget it, I suffered so; and I got up, after I had been put to bed, and carried it back to her, although I was dreadfully afraid of the dark. But Arctury Ann! She is confessing to what I've done, and you—oh, Phrasy, you let her! I must go down to the church and tell them that it was I."

"You mustn't go. Fear! Fear! they won't believe you, it is so strange. Oh, you can't bear it—it will kill you!"

But Miss Fear did not even turn her head. She was at the end of the long garden path before Miss Phrasy could get her rheumatic limbs down over the steps.

"Oh, won't any one stop her! She mustn't try to do it. They won't understand, and the disgrace will kill her." Miss Phrasy said this over and over, although there was no one to hear, crouched upon the steps, with her gray hair blowing in the wind, while Miss Fear's small figure, brisk although trembling, went down the road.

No one to hear, until young Dr. Bent fastened his horse to the balm-of-Gilead-tree. Into his ears Miss Phrasy poured the whole story. She told of the constant vigilance that she and Arctury Ann had exercised, of young Jason Perry's discovery, and Arctury Ann's sacrifice. Did he think that the fall from the carriage, when Fear had struck upon her head and been taken up for dead, could have anything to do with it? If it had, people would never believe it; they would not understand.

"I will make them understand," said Ned Bent.

And so it happened that into the thronged Methodist chapel, where before the stern judges little Miss Fear was endeavoring to obtain a hearing, imperiously waving Arctury Ann aside, rushed young Dr. Bent, white with excitement. And he told the story, not incoherently as it had been told to him, but dwelling with a physician's knowledge on the possible results of such an accident as Miss Fear had suffered from, and with a pathos which moved his audience to tears, upon the devotion and self-sacrifice which Arctury Ann had shown.

Elder Daggett arose as he finished, and the gathering tumult of emotion was instantly quelled. He looked resolute and grim, and it was observed that he did not once glance toward Arctury Ann. "It was a dangerous doctrine," he said, "that sin could be the result of physical injuries, but their concern was not with that, but with their erring sister, who had been proven innocent of one sin only to be convicted of another—he dared not say a lesser one; for in coming to that church with a falsehood on her lips, she had lied not unto men, but unto God."

There was a murmur of dissent, mingled with a few—a very few—amens. Both were alike to Arctury Ann, who had fainted for the first time in her life, and been carried out in Ned Bent's strong arms. Elder Daggett sat down immediately. Some people said he never had looked so much like iron.

"Folks are hard sometimes because they're more'n common afraid of bein' soft," said Jason Perry; but no one else suspected the elder of any weakness.

And sympathy with Arctury Ann ran so high that the presiding elder was persuaded to effect a change of pulpits between Elder Daggett and Elder Giles, of Canterbury. Jason Perry said he "would rather have cut off his right hand than be the cause of so much trouble, if he had known how it was. He had been hasty, feelin' for the honor of Zion." Now he sympathized both with Elder Daggett—being almost the only one who did—and also with Arctury Ann, and "though he wa'n't one to think that the Old Harry could be turned into a saint by a surgical operation or a box of pills, he was sorry for the Miss Babcocks."

Arctury Ann looked worn and hollow-eyed for a while, as was only natural after such a strain upon her nerves. She had a new brown silk for the wedding, when Nan and Ned Bent were married, and was much concerned about the trimmings; and in September she had a new set of teeth, as she had intended. But late in the fall she had a fever, and died from lack of strength to rally. Some people said it was because having all her teeth out at once had been such a shock to her system. She "always had been too much set on vanities." Elder Daggett came over from Canterbury to her funeral on a dreary, rain-sodden November day. At the grave he broke down and wept bitterly, and was led away looking old and helpless.

"That man is human, after all," said Miss Phrasy Babcock; "but he has found it out too late.

THE CITY OF DENVER.

On a Hudson River train recently I overheard a conversation between a Denver journalist and a Philadelphia banker. Almost as a matter of course the talk was about the West. The Philadelphia man had never been farther west than Crisson Springs, but he had his ideas.

"Wild sort of country, the West," he suggested, with the apparent conviction that he was merely calling attention to a great and overpowering truth. "Indians must be pretty bad around Denver now."

The Denver man stared. "Yes," he said at length, when he saw that the Philadelphian was in earnest—"yes, they're pretty bad. Some savage tribes around there, but you see the War Department has decided to locate a new military post near town."

"Feel safer, then, no doubt. Must be pretty rough place to live in—Indians, cow-boys, shooting, you know, and all that sort of thing. No society, I suppose?"

"Pray, what would you expect? Recollect, my dear sir, that we did not come over with Penn."

"True," said the Philadelphia man—"quite true." Then, with the air of one who knows all about it, he went on: "You can't do much in the way of business out there—no brick buildings, no sidewalks, no telephones, no electric lights, no Eastern connections. Well" (with a satisfied sigh), "the East may be slow for money-making, but a man's life's safe in it, anyway."

The Denver man made no effort to defend his city. When the Philadelphian left the train at Poughkeepsie, the Denver man hoped to have the pleasure of seeing him soon in the West. "When you come," he whispered, confidentially, "come heeled. Let me know when you're coming, and I'll get a couple of friends and meet you at the station; and, well"—with a significant pause—"we'll see you through."

It is this spirit of rarefied Western sarcasm, coupled with an independence born of a matchless prosperity, that has kept the East in ignorance of the true character of Denver. Conscious of the permanence of her material progress, and the unquestioned solidity of her business foundation, Denver has of recent years been far too prone to let the world think as it pleased, trusting—if indeed she cared at all—that time and the American tendency to travel would set things right. Partly through this indifference to mere casual opinion, but perhaps more through the Eastern reluctance to believe in anything not actually seen and handled, Denver has remained in a great measure misunderstood by even well-informed people of New York and New England. If Denver is proud—and no one, I am sure, will deny that pride is mixed even in the mortar of her walls—her pride is natural and just. Few modern-built cities can equal, none surpass her.

In personality she is unique and impressive. For a city of more than average size to double its population in five years is a not common occurrence, even in this day of wonderful Western growth; but for a city that grows like Jonah's gourd to attain at once the appearance, the manners, and the general characteristics of an old-settled Eastern community is a phenomenon which few persons who have never visited Denver can well appreciate.

There is nothing Western about Denver. Neither in her tasteful architecture nor in the shops that line her broad streets is there any suggestion of that haste with which the old cattle trails were transformed into shaded thoroughfares and the outlying desert strewn thick with costly houses. Save in the wide sombrero of the casual cow-boy there is little in the dress of the people on the streets to mark them as any different from the well-to-do residents of Boston or New York. If one met them in Union Square or Broadway he would invariably think them natives. This purely Eastern air is due chiefly to the presence of many New York and New England people, who, true to their traditions, have set up Broadway and Boston Common here in the shadow of the Rocky Mountains.

In the midst of the undeniable evidence of Denver's high-pressure prosperity and advanced culture, one unconsciously wonders why this pushing city of 60,000 inhabitants was planted on a dull gray plain fifteen miles east of the mountains and many times that distance south of the line of overland travel. Few people can give a reasonable explanation of the puzzle. One of the oldest and most prominent of Denver's citizens said to me: "I can't tell why the town was put here. All that I know is that Denver is here, and that she is growing like a New Mexican sand-storm." Some light may be thrown upon the choice of a situation by the fact that in 1858 a handful of miners prospected for gold in the bed of Cherry Creek, an attenuated stream which empties into the South Platte River near the spot where Denver now stands. These miners formed a small settlement, and in time crowded out the Arapahoe Indians, who, as late as 1860, had a village on the land now bounded by Sixteenth and Nineteenth and Larimer and Blake streets. Since then Denver has had what is known as its "booms and set-backs" in variety and number to suit the keenest speculator in town sites and suburban lots. In all that time her growth has been neither steady nor constant, but to all practical purposes it has been sure. The rough board buildings of the early settlers gave place in later years to substantial brick and stone structures, which, in point of size and architectural excellence, will rank well with the business blocks of most of the older Eastern cities. Architecturally, Denver is almost without blemish. From the smallest cottage, with its neat yards and shaded walks, up to the massive brown-stone court-house looming grandly against the blue sky under Capitol Hill, all is compactness and perfect taste. The flamboyant and pretentious styles of building, which are unfortunately only too common in new and rapidly growing cities, are nowhere seen in Denver. Even the Tabor Grand Opera-house, which the untravelled East has come to believe the very climax of ostentation, is really a miracle of tasteful wood-carving within, and a model of modesty in brick and stone without. The big stone Union Railway Station, which took the place of a wooden structure five years ago, is surpassed in point of beauty and convenience by few station buildings in the country. Until the new State Capitol shall become the crowning architectural glory of the city in the near future, the Court-house will stand at the head of the buildings of the State—a noble monument of the faith of her people and the permanence of her prosperity. Ranking well in line is the City Hall, a trifle sombre in tone and stern in outline, but as solid and enduring as the neighboring mountains, from whose wilderness of rock her walls were built. The High-School, a more cheerful pile, in brick and stone, is as yet too small for the increasing demands upon its space, and in consequence it is receiving an addition fully as large as the original. Near by stands the Cathedral of the Episcopal diocese, a creditable piece of church architecture in brick and stone. The rest of the churches—and Denver is well supplied with houses of worship and able ministers—are, without exception, well built, commodious, and comfortable. Incidentally it may be mentioned that they are well attended and liberally supported.

In the matter of business blocks and buildings of a public nature the city makes an exceptionally good showing, and in these it is encouraging to note the builders have in most instances shown a disposition to make the most of the many beautiful building stones of the mountains. The pinks, drabs, light reds, dull browns, and grays of these stones make building fronts that for tone and color and harmony have few equals. That the faith which placed these many costly improvements in the gently sloping valley of the South Platte is fully justified is conclusively shown by the resources behind them. Originally the travel to the mines and such overland trade as diverged southward from the northern trail were all that Denver could rely upon in the way of commercial support. In course of time the young city became the supply station for all the Colorado mining regions, and most of New Mexico and Arizona. To this in recent years have been added stock-raising, agriculture, and manufactures, so that to-day Denver is possessed of resources that will endure through all time. Naturally the chief industry of her people is mining. Not only does Denver send machinery and supplies to the mines, but the mines in return send their ore to Denver to be smelted and sent to market at the Denver Mint. The Argo and Grant smelters, in the suburbs of the city, refine a large share of the ore from the Colorado and New Mexico mines. The Argo in fact takes ore from all parts of the continent. Here in one glowing mass may be seen layers of different-colored metal from Colorado, Nevada, New Mexico, Arizona, Montana, old Mexico, and elsewhere. Ores from a number of mines smelt better together than when worked separately. When the ore went to Denver to market it was only natural that the miners should follow. Men who had found fortunes in the mines made Denver their business head-quarters and their home. Influenced by the belief that they would live there permanently, they bought desirable plots of land, built commodious and costly houses, and in countless other ways helped to make the city what it now is—an oasis of taste and comfort in what once was the Great American Desert.

With the silver men in the fore-front of progress, the rest was easy enough. That most remarkable of railroads, the Denver and Rio Grande narrow gauge, whose wonders are only feebly expressed by the descriptive phrase "scenic line of the world," followed close upon the track of the prospector, and brought to Denver the wealth of scores of mining camps as fast as they could be opened and worked. This always liberal policy of the road did much for Denver, but far more for the camps. Districts that had lain in idleness and poverty through lack of transportation grew lively and rich when linked to the destiny of their larger neighbor. Each advance into the mines brought new grist to Denver's mill, until now her wealth is not so much within her gates as in the mining camps hundreds of miles away.

Where the Denver and Rio Grande Railway leaves the products of Colorado, the Union Pacific, the Kansas Pacific, the Burlington and Missouri, and the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe take them up and carry them East and West and South. In return they bring the manufactures of the East. The in-bound freights do not increase proportionately with the growth of the city, however, for Denver has learned that it is cheaper to manufacture her own supplies from the abundance of material close at hand than to pay freight charges across two thousand miles of country. Of the total volume of Denver's business last year nearly one-half took the form of manufactured products.

The temptation is strong to lapse into statistics of this young city's marvellous growth and business prosperity, for every self-respecting Denver man is armed to the teeth, so to speak, with facts and figures, assays and ounces to the ton, blind leads and fissure veins. Statistics are as contagious as a fever; every one catches them, and no one gets rid of them. In round numbers, Denver at present does an annual business of about $60,000,000. Her manufactures amount to $25,000,000, the State's stock-raising to $5,000,000, her agriculture to $10,000,000, and her gold and silver mining industry to $25,000,000. Although mining stands at the head of the wealth-producing pursuits, yet it is asserted by men competent to speak on the subject that the riches of Colorado are not in precious minerals, but in coal. If the Pennsylvania coal supply, they say, could be dropped into the Colorado coal-fields, the acquisition would scarcely be felt. I have no statistics at hand to contradict this assertion. Aside from her material resources, Denver's chief advantage is her climate. An altitude of 5196 feet above the level of the sea brings her into that rarefied atmosphere for which the Rocky Mountains are so justly famed. Through this cool, dry air the sun shines warm and bright even in midwinter. Cloudy days are so rare as to be curiosities. If the wind would keep itself within bounds and let the dust alone, the weather of Denver would be almost perfect. Unfortunately, dust has a criminal affinity for wind, and so when the wind gets up and howls with force sufficient to blow freight-cars off the track, a good share of the surrounding country mounts gayly into the air, and swoops down on Denver like an avalanche. It might be supposed that in course of time Arapahoe County would contain the bulk of Boulder County's real estate; but, as if possessed with a sense of justice, the wind always changes its course, and gives Boulder back its own. The Denver householder fights the dust with unyielding energy. When he ceases his labors in office or store or in the big pink-stone Chamber of Commerce he hastens home to his own garden hose and lays low the dust. At twilight time, when Denver is at peace with all the world except dust, handsome ladies mount guard on shaded piazzas to enjoy the evening air and watch their husbands or brothers or others deluge lawn and walk and roadway with water, as though the entire street were on fire. Water is as plentiful as dust. It bubbles up from countless Artesian-wells, it hisses in hydrants, and it runs riot in irrigating ditches on each side of every street. There are said to be twenty-five miles of these ditches. They nourish about 250,000 shade trees.

It may be that the necessity for sprinkling lawn and street has in a great degree fostered a rare social feeling among Denver people, for the generous rivalry with which lawns and trees are kept beautiful has extended to matters of a still more social character. Denver society, invariably at a high standing, has never the chance to react upon itself, for there are always visitors of distinction at either the numerous hospitable private houses or the large and intelligently conducted hotels.

The Denver man is content with this fine city, fresh and bright from his own hands—content and proud. He is proud of her manufactures, her enterprising stores, her solid banks, her progressive and well-edited newspapers; proud of her past, confident of her future. With her he is happy, but away from her he is never quite at ease, for whether in crowded New York or far-off Europe there comes to him the inevitable longing to again walk down her wide shaded streets, to hear the soft gurgle of running water, and to rest his eyes upon the massive beauty of the mountains hanging like huge purple clouds athwart the western sky. Peopled by such men, and sustained by her limitless resources, the glory of Denver's life is neither in the past nor in the present, but in the bright promise of the future.

William Willard Howard.

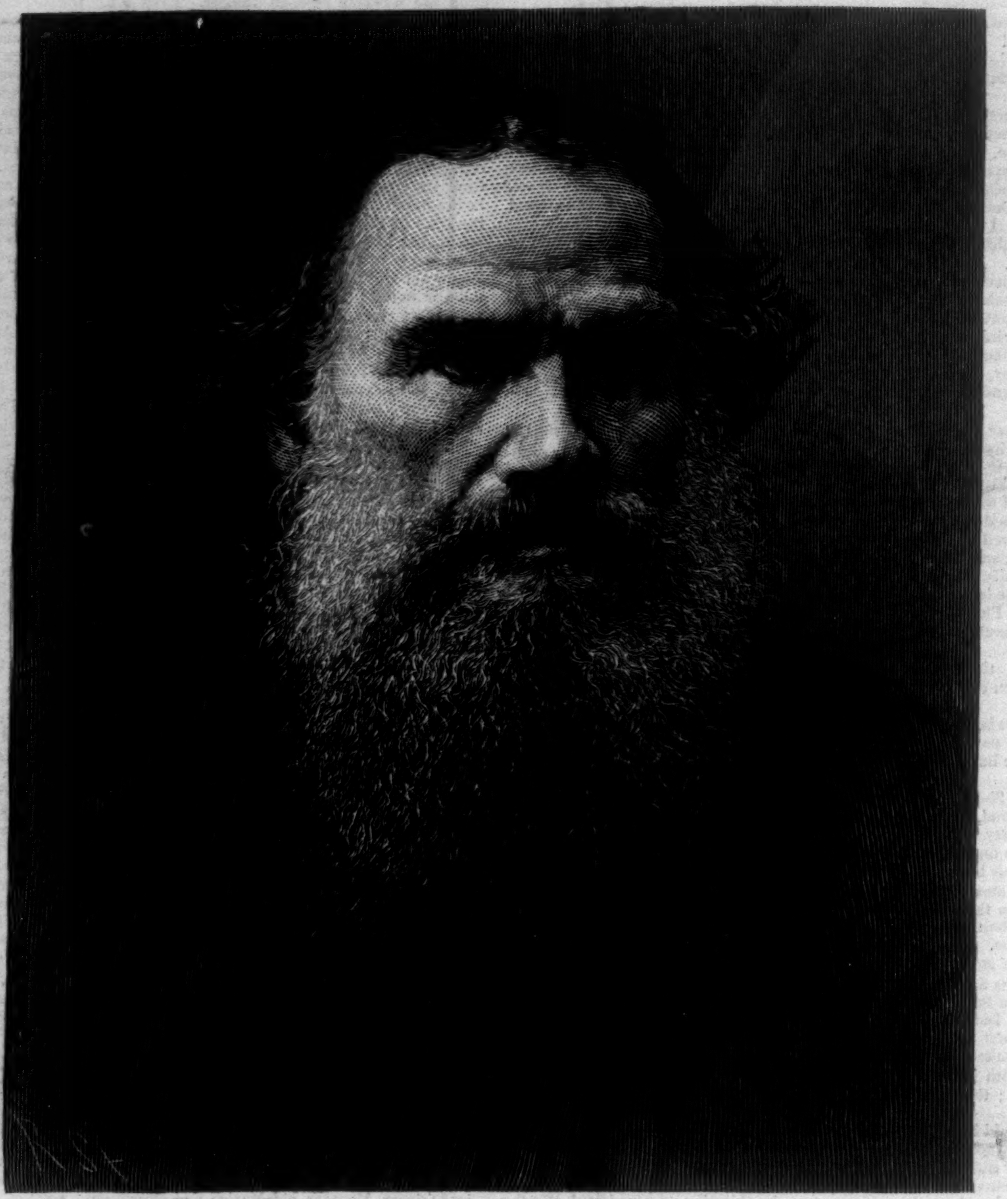
LYOF TOLSTOÏ.

When I read in the excellent essay of M. Ernest Dupuy that "Count Lyof N. Tolstoï was born on the 28th of August, 1828, at Yasnaya Polyana, a village near Tula, in the government of Tula," I have a sense of lunar remoteness in him. It is as if these geographical expressions were descriptive of localities in the ungazetteered regions of the moon; and yet this far-fetched Russian nobleman is precisely the human being with whom at this moment I find myself in the greatest intimacy; not because I know him, but because I know myself through him; because he has written more faithfully of the life common to all men, the universal life which is the most personal life, than any other author whom I have read. This merit the Russian novelists have each in some degree; Tolstoï has it in pre-eminent degree, and that is why the reading of *Peace and War*, *Anna Karenina*, *My Religion*, *Childhood, Boyhood, and Youth*, *Scenes at the Siege of Sevastopol*, *The Cossacks*, *The Death of Ivan Illitch*, *Katia*, and *Polikouchka* forms an epoch for thoughtful people. In these books you seem to come face to face with human nature for the first time in fiction. All other fiction at times *seems* fiction; these alone seem the very truth always.

The facts of Tolstoï's life, as one gathers them from the essays of M. Dupuy and of M. Melchoir Vogüé, are briefly that he studied Oriental languages and the law at the University of Kazan; then entered the army, served in the Crimean war, resigned at its close; gave himself up to society and literature in St. Petersburg; and finally left the capital for his estates, where he has since lived the life of lowly usefulness which he believes to be the true Christian life. The man whose career was in camps, in courts, and in salons now makes shoes for peasants, and humbly seeks to instruct them and guide them by the little tales he writes for them in the intervals of his great work of newly translating the gospels. He married the daughter of a German physician of Moscow, and his wife and children share his toils and ideals. Not much more is known of the retirement of this very great man; but I heard that an American traveller who lately passed a day with him found him steadfast in the conviction that withdrew him from society—the conviction that Jesus Christ came into the world to teach men how to live in it, and that He meant literally what He said when He forbade us luxury, war, litigation, unchastity, and hypocrisy.

It is a sorrowful comment on our Christianity that this frank acceptance of His message seems eccentric and even mad to the world. But it is the "increasing purpose" which runs through all Tolstoï's work from first to last; it is what makes him great above all others who have written fiction. It does not much matter where you begin with him; you feel instantly that the man is mighty, and mighty through his conscience; that he is not trying to surprise or dazzle you with his art, but that he is trying to make you think clearly and feel rightly about vital things with which "art" has often dealt with diabolical indifference or diabolical malevolence.

I do not know how it is with others to whom these books of Tolstoï's have come, but for my own part I cannot think of them as literature in the artistic sense at all. Some people complain to me, when I praise them, that they are too long, too diffuse, too confused, that the characters' names are hard to pronounce, and that the life they portray is very sad and not amusing. In the presence of these criticisms I can only say that I find them nothing of the kind, but that each history of Tolstoï's is as clear, as orderly, as brief, as something I have lived through myself; as for the names, they are necessarily Russian. It is when some one tells me they are "pessimistic" that I really despair. I have always supposed pessimism to be the doctrine of the prevalence of evil, and these books perpetually teach me that the good prevails, and always will prevail whenever men put self aside, and strive simply and humbly to be good. We are all so besotted with dreams and vanities that we have come to think that the right will accomplish itself spectacularly, splendidly; but Tolstoï makes us know that it never can do so. He teaches such of us as will hear him that the Right is the sum of all men's poor little personal effort to do right, and that the success of this effort means daily, hourly self-renunciation, self-abasement, the sinking of one's pride in absolute squalor before duty. This is not pleasant; the heroic ideal of righteousness is more picturesque, more attractive; but is this not the truth? Let any one try, and see! I cannot think of any service which imaginative literature has done the race so great as that which Tolstoï has done in his conception of Karenin at that crucial moment when the cruelly outraged man sees that he cannot be good with dignity. This leaves all tricks of fancy, all effects of art, immeasurably behind.



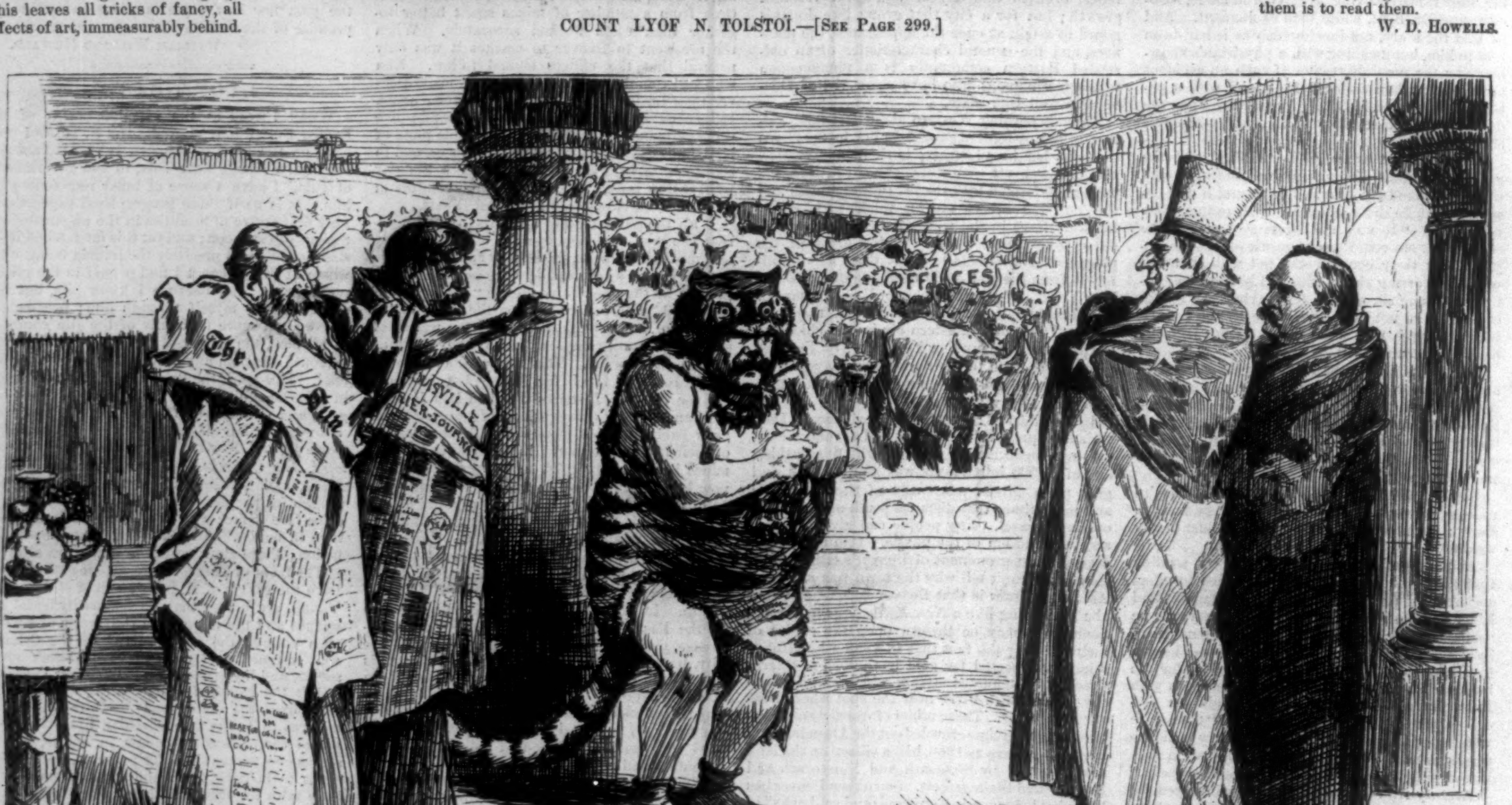
COUNT LYOF N. TOLSTOÏ.—[See Page 299.]

In fact, Tolstoï brings us back in his fiction, as in his life, to the Christ ideal. "Except ye become as little children"—that is what he says in every part of his work; and this work, so incomparably good æsthetically, to my thinking, is still greater ethically. You will not find its lessons put at you, any more than you will those of life. No little traps are sprung for your surprise; no calcium-light is thrown upon this climax or that; no virtue or vice is posed for you; but if you have ears to hear or eyes to see, listen and look, and you will have the sense of inexhaustible significance.

I happened to begin with *The Cossacks*—that epic of nature, and of a young man's sorrowful, wandering desire to get into harmony with the divine scheme of beneficence; then I read *Anna Karenina*—that most tragical history of loss and ruin to brilliancy and loveliness, out of which the good can alone save itself; then I came to *Peace and War*—that great assertion of the sufficiency of common men in all crises, and the insufficiency of heroes; I found some chapters of the *Scenes of the Siege of Sevastopol*, and I read them with a yet keener sense of this truth; *Childhood, Boyhood, and Youth* made me acquainted for the first time in literature with the real heart of the young of our species; *The Death of Ivan Illitch* expressed the horror and the stress of mortality, with its final bliss, and made it a part of nature as I never had realized it before; *Polikouchka*, slight, broken, almost unconcluded, was perfect and powerful and infinite in its scope of mercy and sympathy.

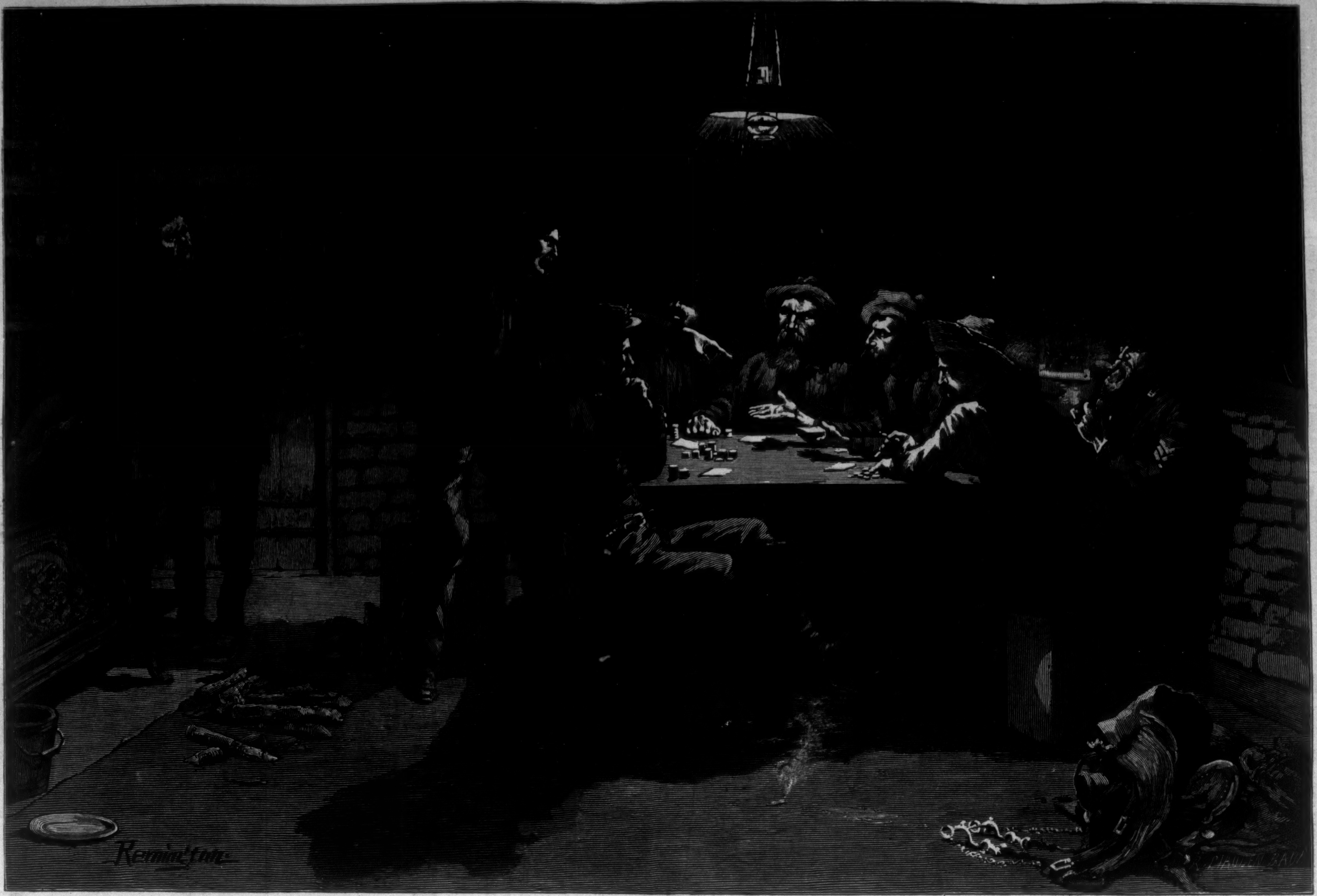
I know very well that I do not speak of these books in measured terms; I cannot. As yet my sense of obligation to them is so great that I can neither make nor wish to make a close accounting with their author, and I am not disposed to exploit them for the reader's entertainment. As often as I have tried to do this their æsthetic interest has escaped me. I have been ashamed to tag them with the tattered old adjectives of praise, and I have found myself thinking of them on their ethical side. But they exist increasingly in English and in French, and the best way, the only way, to get a due sense of them is to read them.

W. D. Howells.



THE RETURNED PRODIGAL SHOWS SIGNS OF RELAPSE.

Old Observer (*who has several other aliases*). "What is the fatted calf to a party that has eaten husks for twenty years? Give him the whole herd."



A QUARREL OVER CARDS—A SKETCH FROM A NEW MEXICAN RANCH.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.—[See Page 295.]

BISHOP LEE, OF DELAWARE.

Bishop Alfred Lee, of Delaware, who died at Wilmington in that State on the 12th inst., was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, on September 9, 1807. His father was **John Lee**, a sea captain of note. The house in which his birth took place was one of seven old Tory mansions, famous once for courtly hospitality, and afterward immortalized by **Longfellow** in "The Old House by the Lindens." **Alfred Lee** graduated at Harvard College at the age of twenty, studied law, and for several years practised at the bar at Norwich, Connecticut. In 1833 he entered the General Theological Seminary in this city as a student, and, graduating, was ordained a deacon in 1837, and a priest in the following year. For three years he was rector of the parish of Rockdale, Delaware County, Pennsylvania, and at the end of that time, at the age of thirty-four years, was elected first Bishop of Delaware—an office which he continued to hold during life. During the war he was a most ardent Union man. He talked loyalty to the Union on all occasions, and preached it from the pulpit. He was prominent in encouraging the formation of Delaware regiments, and in every way he could aided the government. Bishop **Lee**'s home was in Wilmington, and he was rector of St. Andrew's Church in that city throughout his bishopric. He was the author of a number of volumes treating of sacred subjects, and was a strong leader of the Low-Church party. The wife of Bishop **Lee** died ten years ago.

The Right Rev. Bishop **John Williams**, of the diocese of Connecticut, is now presiding Bishop of the House of Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States—a distinction which the deceased enjoyed for the last three years. Bishop **Lee**'s seniors passed away one by one until he stood next in succession to the late Bishop **Smith**, who had been presiding Bishop since 1868, and on that prelate's death, on May 31, 1884, Bishop **Lee** succeeded him. Bishop **Lee** was not only Senior Bishop of his own branch of the Anglican Communion, but his consecration is believed to have antedated that of any bishop then living of the Anglican, Roman, and Greek churches.

Bishop **Lee**'s published works are: *The Life of St. Peter*, published in New York in 1852 and in London in 1853; *The Life of St. John* was published in 1854, and a *Treatise on Baptism* in the same year. In 1856 he had published a *Memoir of Susan Allibone*. In the following year he sent to the press the *Harbinger of Christ*. Last year **Harper & Brothers** brought out his most recent work, *Eventful Nights in Bible History*.

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When there is a lack of elastic energy in the system, shown by a sensation of languor and unrest in the morning, frequent yawning during the day, and disturbed sleep at night, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters infuses unwonted energy into the enfeebled and nervous, endowing them with muscular energy, an ability to repose healthfully, and digest without inconvenience. Nervousness, headache, biliousness, impaired appetite and a feeble, troublesome stomach, are all and speedily set right by this matchless regulator and invigorant. The mineral poisons, among them strychnia and nux vomica, are never safe tonics, even in infinitesimal doses. The Bitters answers the purpose more effectually, and can be relied upon as perfectly safe by the most prudent. Fever and ague, kidney troubles, and rheumatism yield to it.—[*Adv.*]

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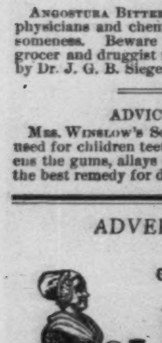

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About six months ago I had a severe Hemorrhage of the Lungs, brought on by a distressing Cough, which deprived me of sleep and rest. I had used various cough balsams and expectorants, without obtaining relief. A friend advised me to try

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Coshocton Station, N. Y., Dec. 28, 1884.

Gents:—A number of people have been using your Bitters here, and with marked effect. In fact, one case, a lady of over seventy years, had been sick for years, and for the past ten years I have known her she has not been able to be around half the time. About six months ago she got so feeble she was *helpless*. Her old remedies, or physicians, being of no avail, I sent to Deposit, forty-five miles, and got a bottle of Hop Bitters. It had such a very beneficial effect on her that one bottle improved her so she was able to dress herself and walk about the house. When she had taken the second bottle she was able to take care of her own room and walk out to her neighbor's and has improved all the time since. My wife and children also have derived great benefit from their use.

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Gorham, N. H., July 15, 1886.

Gents:—Whoever you are, I don't know, but I thank the Lord and feel grateful to you to know that in this world of adulterated medicines there is one compound that proves and does all it advertises to do, and more. Four years ago, I had a slight shock of palsy, which unnerved me to such an extent that the least excitement would make me shake like the ague. Last May I was induced to try Hop Bitters. I used one bottle, but did not see any change; another did so change my nerves that they are now as steady as they ever were. It used to take both hands to write, but now my good right hand writes this. Now, if you continue to manufacture as honest and good an article as you do, you will accumulate an honest fortune, and confer the greatest blessing on your fellowmen that was ever conferred on mankind.

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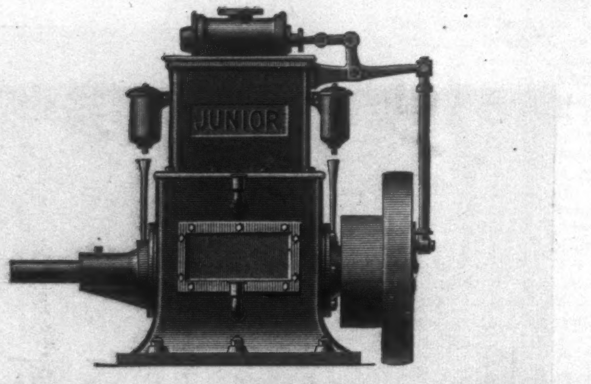
My wife was troubled for years with blotches, moth patches and pimples on her face, which nearly annoyed the life out of her. She spent many dollars on the thousand infallible (?) cures, with nothing but injurious effects. A lady friend, of Syracuse, N. Y., who had had similar experience and had been cured with Hop Bitters, induced her to try it. One bottle has made her face as smooth, fair and soft as a child's and given her such health that it seems almost a miracle.

A Member of Canadian Parliament.

A Rich Lady's Experience.

I travelled all over Europe and other foreign countries at a cost of thousands of dollars, in search of health and found it not. I returned discouraged and disheartened, and was restored to real youthful health and spirits with less than two bottles of Hop Bitters. I hope others may profit by my experience and stay at home.

A LADY, Augusta, Me.



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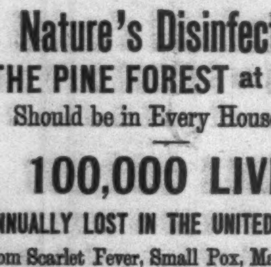
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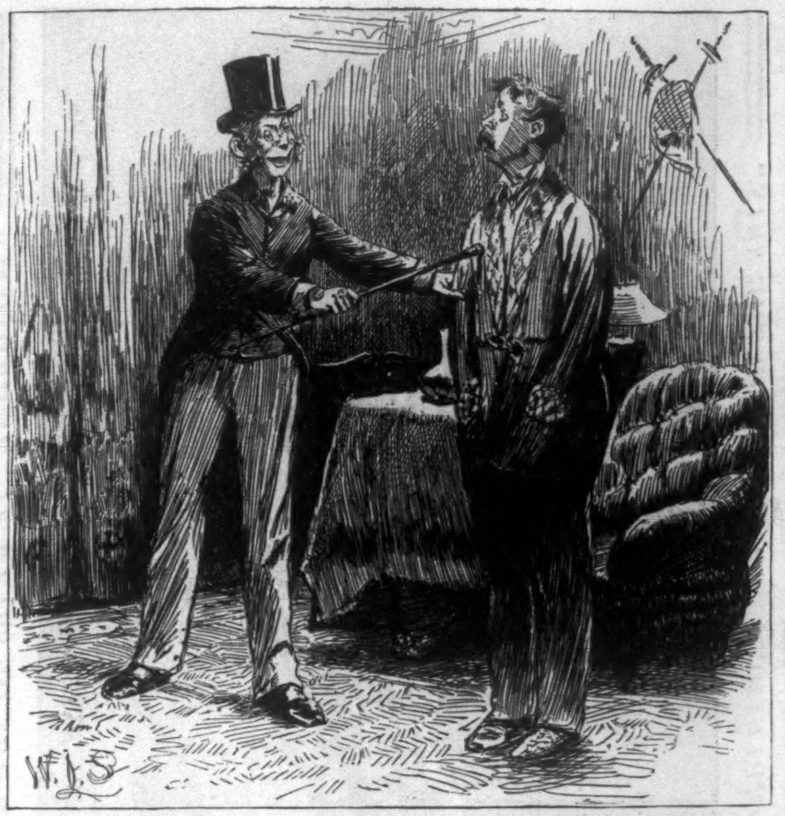

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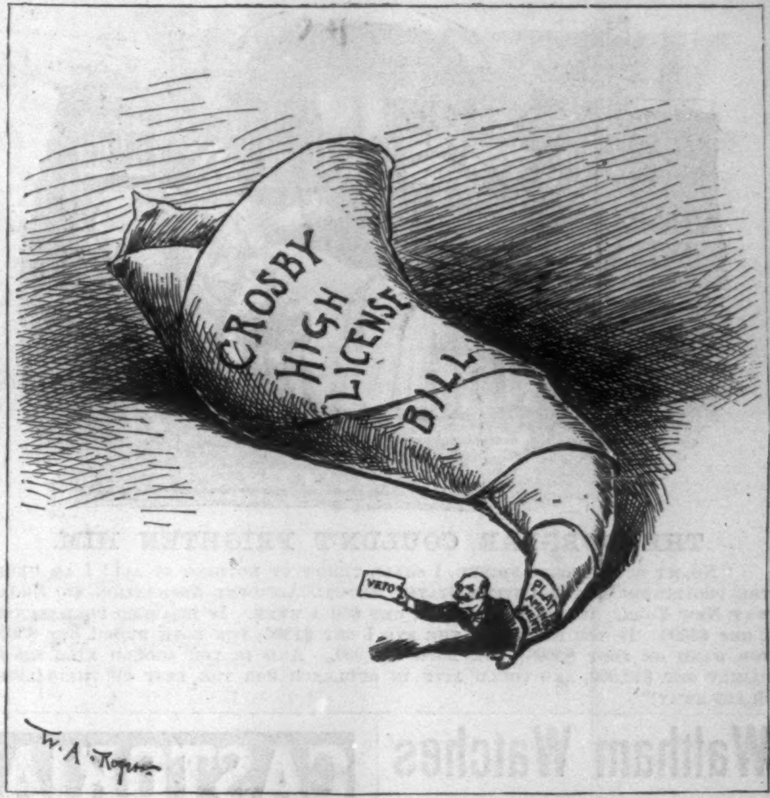
Host (*with resignation*). "Have to give it up."

H. C. "Aha! at last! or did somebody tell you?"

Host. "Tell me? I don't see."

H. C. "Why, you guessed it, man! 'Anything lent; hard riddle?' Have to give it up, generally—eh?"



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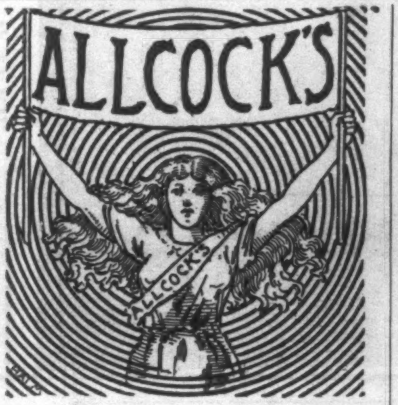
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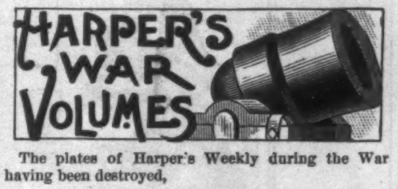
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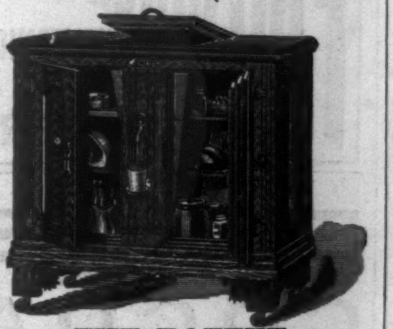
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